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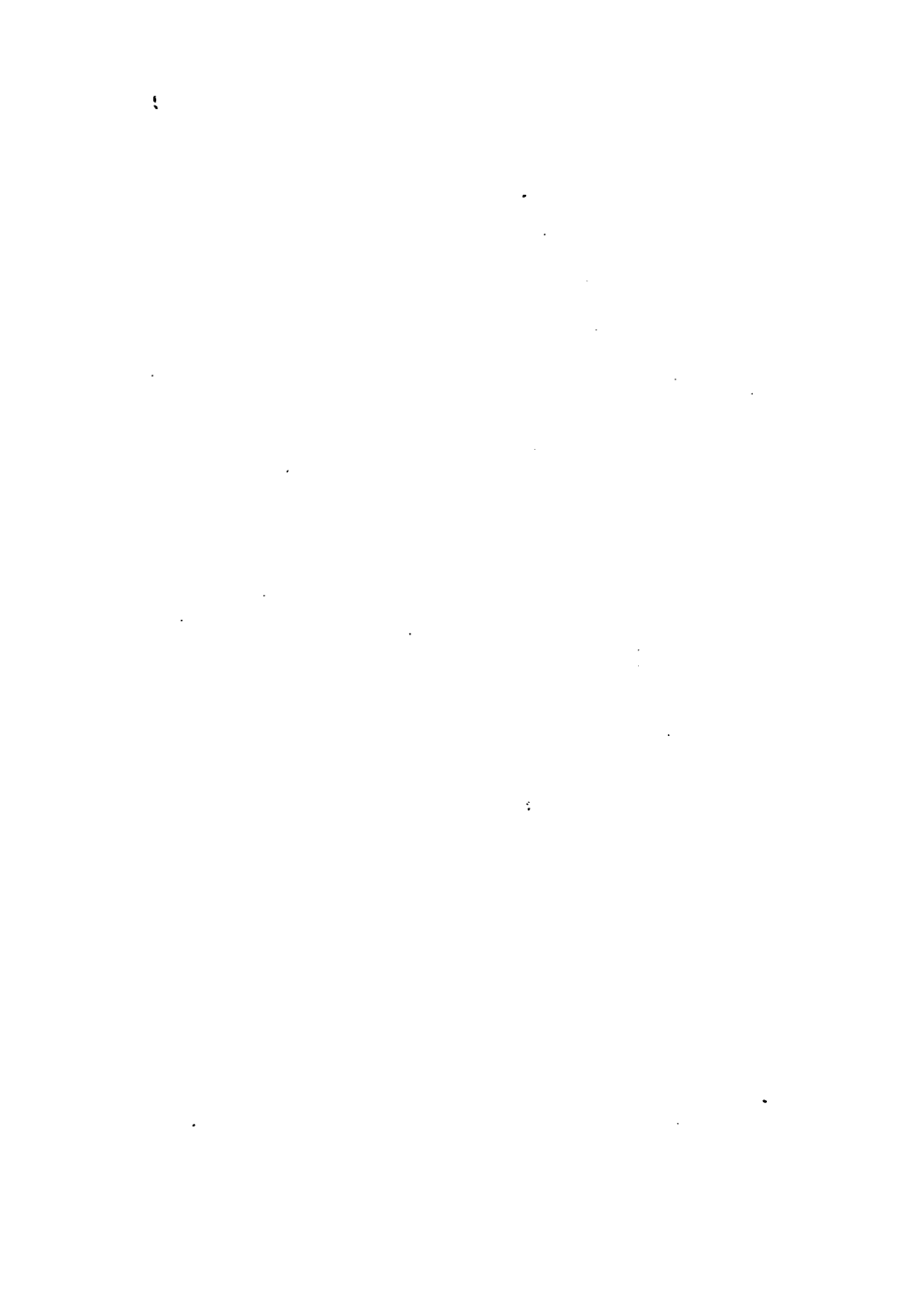
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# PHILIP PATERNOSTER.

A Tractarian Love Story.

*Alfred*

BY AN EX-PUSEYITE.

. . . . . "Ridentem dicere verum  
Quid vetat? . . . . .  
Sed tamen, amoto, quæramus seria, ludo."—*Horat.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:  
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.  
1858.

*249. L. 423.*



LONDON : PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET.

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# PHILIP PATERNOSTER.

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## CHAPTER I.

### ST. SIMON STYLITES.

THE chapel to which Philip Paternoster was appointed assistant minister was situated in what the science of Cockneiology would denominate a 'slum;' that is, a back street. The characteristic appearance of this street was Whitechapel; but, in reality, it was Belgravia, or clung very closely on to the skirts of that aristocratic and orthodox neighbourhood. The chief architectural feature of St. Simon Stylites was its pervading ugliness, external and internal. It appertained to a

wealthy wine-merchant, who had his vaults underneath, was of the extreme High-church school, and whose idiosyncrasy consisted in appointing promising young men to the assistant ministry of his chapel; giving them blank cheque-books on his bankers to carry out all their vagaries, inducing them to defy their Bishop, and then being immensely angry when they tumbled over the brink of the precipice, up to the very edge of which he himself had obligingly led them.

One by one had a whole series of neophytes bobbed thus beneath the surface, and been lost in the capacious depths of the Papal See. The actual minister, who was a friend of the proprietor, kept entirely in the background, residing in a fashionable square, and only visiting the chapel at the Sunday services. The Rev. Stephen Gregory was very

much of the same type as Philip's previous rector; only his principles were a good deal more 'Catholic,' and his practice—which was as much of a myth as Mr. Mason's own—was rendered so, not by agricultural pursuits, but by club-lounging, dining-out, and the ordinary distractions of metropolitan society.

The chapel had passed through every grade of religious distinction, from actual non-conformity up to the very highest High-Churchism; beyond which it had been a hundred times on the verge of passing, when, as above mentioned, the proprietor stepped in betimes, shoved over the curate, and saved the conventicle.

Here, then, Philip had full swing. There was an ample suite of rooms for the boys and lay-brethren, all of whom resided on the establishment; a 'refectory,' where meals

were taken in common; a dormitory, where all, save Philip, slept in little cells, partitioned off by curtains; and above the whole were the resident 'Priest's' private rooms. Here did he rig up his oratory; over his pallet-bed did he suspend his crucifix; and coldly from the whitewashed wall shone out his Flowerfield pictures. The utter ugliness of the chapel was quite compensated, in his eyes, by the gorgeous arrangements of the 'Altar,' which was elevated on a foot-pace of three steps, adorned with varying 'frontals,' richly-wrought 'super-frontal,' and majestic 'dossal screen.' On it, too, stood the correct 'super-altar,' with heraldic-shielded '*cierges*,' and a standard cross; while the 'credence,' close at hand, held the sacred vessels and 'altar-furniture,' of the richest lawn and Valenciennes.

Yes, uneducated reader, I am aware these terms sound strangely to you; but with hyper-Tractarians they are the Alpha and Omega of worship; and, from their very strangeness, I must argue that such hyper-Tractarianism is *not* Anglicanism—is *not* the native, maternal, intelligible aspect which the Church of England—the poor man's Church—should have for the very humblest of her sons. Am I told that such terms, and such usages as they pre-suppose, are not innovating, but apostolic; am I bidden revert to 'primitive ages,' I take my New Testament in my hand, and vainly seek for illumined altar or gorgeous sanctuary in that unadorned spot where first I read of Christian prayer or Christian sermon—the open mountain-top where the Great Founder of Christianity prayed and preached with Apostles for His

congregation, and whose temple was carpeted with the simple grass and roofed but by the arch of heaven; while from the lilies which gemmed that spangled floor, and from the reckless birds who flew in the face of that blue firmament, the mighty Preacher drew lessons of life, and lifted men's eyes directly to Heaven independently of human instrumentality. I read, indeed, of the gorgeous temple-worship, but rather as of a thing gone by, when God thus trod the earth in great simplicity, and taught that splendour and ceremonial were not the highest type of worship.

However, Philip thought otherwise; and, in order to show how entirely different his theory was, it will be well to view that theory evolved in practice. In a word, let us attend a morning-service at St. Simon Stylites, at a

period when the new minister, after months of study and arrangement, has elaborated his ideal of service, and embodied that notion with the assistance of Mr. Mole, his organist and right-hand man, of whom more hereafter.

Enter yon pew, then, and behold our hero's church (or, rather, chapel) triumphant.

The tintinnabulum ceases, and Mr. Mole, who has been looking at the congregation through an orifice in the organ-screen ever since he arranged the choristers in the Sacristy, now strikes up an exulting strain improvised for the occasion, abounding in demi-semiquavers on the upper notes, with puffy intervals of the great organ. This goes on for a few minutes, until Mr. Mole has allowed his finger-ends to express his antici-



pations of success ; he then begins the definite programme laid down by Philip with Mendelssohn's march in *Athalie*, which glorious composition, rendered with all the force whereof the organ is capable, is the signal for the procession to enter from the 'Sacristy.'

Enter procession accordingly.

First comes, with slow and stately march, a young man, who wears a surplice reaching to the knees and a scarlet cassock trailing beneath to the ground, and carrying a large gilt cross. Then follow eight small boys, walking with folded hands, and countenances made up by Mr. Mole a quarter of an hour ago. Half-a-dozen singing-men follow ; some of them equally reverential in aspect, some very much the reverse ; among the latter, Herbert Osborne, who has donned a surplice

at his friend's request, though his voice is not melodious. Then, in ecclesiastical order, come the clergy; first, Philip, with surplice very short and cassock very long, with gigantic hood, arranged to look as much like a chasuble as possible, a stole with gilded cross on the neck, and not the faintest suspicion of Puritan bands. Lastly, in rolls the superior minister, who, clad in a very dirty surplice and astonishing pair of bands, mars the whole effect by looking down the chapel, as though to count the congregation, and picking his teeth as he passes to his stall.

Their private devotions being finished, the clergy and choir sit waiting for the conclusion of the voluntary, and Mr. Mole has at length to be signalled into silence. This throws Mr. Mole out, and he omits to 'give the note' for Philip to commence. Philip, ac-

cordingly, not having a pitch-fork (we mean, to get his pitch—not to stir up Mr. Mole), has to send a boy to ask the organist for an F, which is given, in a sudden fit of recollection, on a pedal-pipe that startles the worshippers and shakes the lamp-glasses all over the chapel. The Exhortation is intoned on the long-sought F, with a queer twiddly kind of inflection at the end. The choir then sing a harmonised Confession; the Absolution is delivered, in a stentorian voice, by the superior minister; Tallis' Sentences, with organ accompaniment, follow the Lord's Prayer, which is harmonised like the Confession, and then the singers put forth all their powers—which are above par—in the Venite and Psalms; these being sung, not in Gregorian (alas, the incumbent and congregation had bowels like the Flowerfield folks!),

but to grand old Pelham Humphry's Chant. The lessons are read, or purported so to be, by the schoolmaster, who has undergone a long drilling from Philip, and succeeds admirably in delivering them so fast as to be unintelligible. The Creed, again, is harmonized, and sung by the choir. The suffrages are collated from as many different 'uses' as there are sentences; and then Philip and the principal tenor kneel at a faldstool, placed at the entrance of the sanctuary, and together (*i. e.*, cleric and layman) chaunt Tallis' Festival Litany, with full accompaniment.

The Communion Service is preceded by an Introit—if you don't know the meaning of that term, sir, you ought to take 'in Hook's Church Dictionary, or write to the Ecclesiologist. This is composed of suitable words set

by Philip himself, to the air of the Russian National Anthem. Philip has outgrown the incipient form of Tractarianism — rubrical strictness—and is eclectic enough to have old Rowland Hill's opinion about not giving the devil all the good tunes. Standing on the top step of the altar, the Rev. Stephen Gregory shouts the Commandments (on G) like a musical Moses; Philip kneels on the lowest step; and again the choir sing the kyrie to a harmonised adaptation of Anna's prayer in Freyschutz. This goes wonderfully. A Nicene Creed, sung grandly in unison, follows. Notices of saints' days for the week ensuing are given out as 'being commanded by THE CHURCH to be kept holy;' and then Philip mounts the pulpit, to soft music; without prayer or prelude enunciates a text; preaches for a quarter of an hour—rather

less; again descends, to musical strains; whilst the incumbent proceeds with the offertory. The sentence 'God is not unrighteous,' is turned into a short and not inappropriate anthem; the prayer for the Church Militant follows, with a very long pause at the place where the 'faithful departed' are spoken of. The clergy and non-communicants then leave the chapel. We remain.

The sacred vessels are reverentially arranged for Communion. Mr. Mole is triumphant in 'He shall feed his flock;' and all proceeds as heretofore until the consecration, in which the incumbent's voice is no longer stentorian but entirely inaudible, while the curate is prostrate on his face, and, from the body of the chapel, looks like a bundle of clothes getting ready for the wash on a Monday morning. The paten and chalice

are undisguisedly elevated, and the consecrated elements diligently veiled. The clergy, choir, and remnants of the congregation communicate; the boys singing a translation of the *Tantum ergo* in the softest *pianissimo*. The chalice, it is observed, never quits the grasp of the young ministrant. The hand of a single 'sister,' who has strayed from 66 B, seems to shake very much as she receives it from him. A jubilant burst of song from full choir signalises the Gloria in Excelsis. The remaining elements are reverently consumed; the vessels cleansed at 'the altar;' the little procession leaves the chapel in order as it entered, and with a reverent bow from each member to the sacred table. Mr. Mole works the bellows-blower well nigh to distraction in his final Hallelujah chorus—and the 'Celebration' is over.

‘Well, Mr. Mole, how do you think it went?’—the invariable demand after a choral service—said Philip, as the organist came in rubbing his hands.

‘La! I thought ’twas beautiful,’ replied Mr. Mole, ceasing to rub his hands, in order that he might scratch his head. ‘What do you think, Mr. Gregory?’

Mr. Gregory was counting the offertory, and only grunted, much to Mr. Mole’s disgust.

Mr. Mole was such an original, and so much a part of the system at St. Simon’s, that he must have a brief special description. In person he was peculiar, consisting principally of a long cassock and a head of hair; the former he wore in the streets, much to the edification of small boys; the latter was innocent of tonsure as the locks of a Nazarite.



Mr. Mole had one object and aim in existence — that was St. Simon Stylites his chapel. He was of independent circumstances, and lived under a cloud, in the shape of a tyrannical uncle — who, according to Mr. Mole's account, must have been 'a caution:' and the only cause one could assign for Mr. Mole's dwelling under the same roof with this cloud was the supposition that it had 'a silver lining,' or something better still, for Mr. Mole was of mature years, and of manly form withal. But it seemed that, mentally speaking, Mr. Mole had stood still at about thirteen or fourteen years of age. He was a perfect child; and had the habit of saying 'la!' more frequently than was necessary. He was awfully 'high,' and had stuck by St. Simon Stylites, giving his gratuitous services under a whole regiment

of long-lost curates. It was a miracle he had never gone himself. Mentally and morally he had done so ; but if you asked him why he had not outwardly and in the body departed, he would reply—

‘La! ’twould be the death of uncle.’ So perhaps it was as well the cloud existed.

Day and night this simple soul worked for thankless St. Simon. The curates laughed at him ; the boys worried his life out ; his uncle only tolerated it as his one solitary resource. All he wished was that the services at St. Simon’s might ‘go well.’ For this he droned his life away. Perhaps it would be well if more of us worked. with a simple, single, unmercenary aim in life, though it were profitless as Mr. Mole’s.

The choir having adjourned to refectory,

Philip and Herbert mounted to the private apartments of the former.

‘Reverend father,’ said Herbert, after a while, ‘could these cloistered shades afford a cell to a poor world-worn body, in case of need?’

‘Eh?’ was Philip’s sole rejoinder; he was arranging an operatic ‘bit’ for the chapel.

‘Give me five minutes’ conversation, old fellow, and tell me frankly whether you would stow me away here if I made up my mind to leave Flowerfield.’

‘Leave Flowerfield—and your pupils—’

‘I say “if.” Hypothetical proposition. Frankly, would you let me pig with you?’

‘Need you ask? But what means this?’

‘Well, my dear old boy, it means I *have* given up Flowerfield. Now, don’t begin to bully me until you have heard my reasons.

They are,' he said, telling them off on his fingers, 'First—generally speaking—I like to feel a million of people round me, as Sydney Smith says. Flowerfield only has three hundred.

'Secondly, between ourselves, I shouldn't be surprised if Henriette asked you to marry her.'

'To what?'

'Marry her—not yourself, you know, but to somebody else. It's a horrible secret, and I don't know that I ought to tell even you; but there's something in the wind. She's stopping with the Franklyns, as you are aware. But more of this hereafter. I simply give it to you as a second, and very influential reason for my movement. Of course it would cause a total break up in my little establishment.'

‘Of course. Well you do astonish me. Henriette going to be married!’

‘Now mind that affair is yet *sub roâ*. Blessed are the ignorant, for they know nothing—that’s an omitted beatitude. Don’t you think the reasons I have given you are sufficient to justify my quitting the rural retreat of Flowerfield?’

Philip did. We scarcely know what he might have said had Osborne added his third and fourth reasons, whereof the former was definitely worded thus:—To make Philip Paternoster go over to Rome: the latter, dark as night in his own bosom, was such that he dared not name even to self. He neared the subject, however, when he said—

‘Have you seen that pretty sprig of Tractarianism down the chapel in the shape of a little “*sœur*?”’

‘ Oh yes. She’s one of the sisters from All Souls—’

‘ But lives down here, and will in future be an attendant at all your services.’

‘ How do you know?’

‘ Reverend father, upbraid not an erring son, but I followed la petite the other day—’

‘ You did! and discovered her residence?’

‘ Of course; but I found there was no need of that. She saw my move, and almost took me aback by confronting me,—I didn’t mean a pun,—and saying that, as one of the choir of S. Simon’s, she considered I ought to be no stranger. I believe she added something about “minor orders;” but that didn’t interest me much.’

‘ Well ’

‘ Well, she’s horridly spoony on you, you rascal, and makes no secret of having left All Souls on your account.’

‘ But if she resides here?’

‘ She does ; but a good deal nearer S. Barabbas than S. Simon : therefore, don’t be modest ; you’re the attraction.’

‘ Did you find out her name?’

‘ The Sister Angelica is her ecclesiastical title ; she desires to swamp her worldly appellation. She is not cloistered—quite the reverse. And wherein her sistership consists, except in wearing an ugly bonnet, I cannot discover.’

There was a pause. Philip continued—

‘ Do you know, Herbert, I am very much annoyed at what you tell me, and wish the Sœur Angelica had stopped at All Souls.’

‘ What ! you fancy you’re no St. Edmund ?

Well, well, Phil,' for he saw his friend was serious, 'the Sister Angelica is not quite as young as one could wish, but very likely I'll take her off your hands. *Nous verrons.*'



## CHAPTER II.

## GUILDS, CONFRATERNITIES, AND SISTERHOODS.

MR. PATERNOSTER soon became a 'rising young man' in Tractarian town. Dawes, the Warden of the House of Retreat for Pious Plain Cooks out of place—perhaps, on the whole, the *most* extravagant of the ultra set—stated his intention of patronizing our hero in the following terms, enunciated with an air that might have become him well had he been a hoary prelate, instead of one of the most verdant spuds of three-and-twenty, whose

freaks ever drew down ridicule on our venerable establishment.

‘That fellow Paternoster seems, from all accounts, to have some churchmanship in him. I shall take him up. We want some young blood in the Blessed Bones.’

We will explain Dawes’s occult allusion anon.

When Philip descended from his private apartments to answer the summons conveyed by the pasteboard of the Rev. Aloysius Dawes, his reception of that individual showed—or would have shown—to an intimate acquaintance how thorough a revolution his ideas and conduct had undergone. A few months back, and Dawes’s insolent overweening forwardness would have proclaimed him a puppy at once, and Philip would have treated him as nearly in that capacity as was consistent with

common decency, and his own inherent urbanity. As it was, however, he set all this profoundly disagreeable and pert manner down to the score of priestliness, and behaved to Dawes almost deferentially, certainly with much civility, as to a senior in the ecclesiastical state.

Dawes sat a long time looking at Philip, as it seemed to him almost compassionately, as though he were a tender-hearted bailiff come to 'take possession.' The fact was, Dawes was gauging the churchmanship of his new acquaintance.

The result was evidently satisfactory, for—his scrutiny being at length concluded—Dawes talked to Philip as to 'a man and a brother'—that is, a big brother to a much younger one, whom he kindly lionizes amongst the *arcana* of school-life.

Dawes was to unfold to Philip some new mysteries of *his* school—some flights of puerility, to which the tyro had not yet attained.

‘What an awful part of town this is, Paternoster,’ he simpered, for he took a morbid view of things in general.

‘Awful!’ repeated Philip, half interrogatively, for he found it rather jolly than otherwise.

Herbert Osborne here sauntered into the little reception-room, making a lost book the pretext for disturbing the colloquy, and returning a reply a good deal more curt than courteous to Dawes’s patronizing salutation.

‘Awful!’ said Dawes, continuing the thread of his discourse. ‘I have just been to see Pugin, the ex-curate of S. Paulinus, and in passing the Turkish Exhibition I actually

saw they had put up gas-pipes for an illumination, representing the crescent and the cross placed side by side. Isn't it frantic wickedness?' .

Philip signified consent by silence. Herbert abruptly left the room, to explode on the staircase; and Dawes evermore went by the name of 'Frantic Wickedness,' in the esoteric conversations of the two friends.

'Now, Paternoster, what I've come for is, to ask you to join the Blessed Bones—'

'I beg your pardon; the—?'

'The Society of the Blessed Bones. It is a little confraternity existing amongst some few of us—I grieve to say very few at present. It originated at Oxford, where it was called the Brotherhood of the Holy Sepulchre. In changing it to a clerical guild we altered the name, as conveying a deeper mystery. You

will find all the "churchmen" of the orthodox parishes—that is, the curates—belong to us. The incumbents stand aloof; prudential reasons are too potent for them. If we could only get the Bishop of Oxford, or Dr. Pusey, to put themselves at our head as spiritual director, we should soon ramify. But they require to know more of the objects of our confraternity before undertaking the office—'

'And those objects are—?'

'Scarcely defined as yet. Each member pledges himself to recite the seven canonical hours daily, and takes a vow of celibacy, as also one of secresy—'

'To conceal what?'

'Well—' Dawes was put to it; he had never thought of what was to be kept secret —'the whole thing is to be a secret. It would be ruined if divulged.'

‘ Well, I join you with pleasure, I am sure ; but I confess I can hardly see the practical aim you propose—’

‘ That will be made clear in time. If you will only come to my chapel next meeting-day—which is, I believe, the Festival of the Transfiguration—we will recite the Latin office for admission. Have the kindness to bring a surplice and hood—you haven’t a chasuble ?’

‘ No ; but—’

‘ No, never mind. For the admission a hood will do. We are going to agitate the chasuble question soon. If you have a crucifix, bring it. I’m not sure whether I have one each for all the men—good-bye.’

And so Dawes passed out into the region of frantic wickedness again ; and Philip Paternoster looked grim, as an ecclesiastic, though

his man's heart went thoroughly along with every word Herbert said when, with yells of laughter and consummate mimicry of Dawes' peculiarities, he set him down as—what I fear even our large charity must confess him—a very diminutive offspring of the genus dog.

And yet this is the kind of trash that is being talked of, and—worse than talked of—put into practice, by dozens of young men in London at this present moment. The 'Blessed Bones' we have no reason to believe defunct, though Dawes has ceased to direct its movements, having some time since gone over to a body he used to abuse most freely, vowing if ever his mother-church drove him from her door by her stiff unbending, *i. e.* un-'Catholic' ways, it would be not to the Romish, but to the Greek branch of the



Church Catholic he should bend his steps. However, in all probability, when it came to the crisis, Dawes found such a movement too 'original' for him. Dawes was essentially a man to follow in the wake of other people. He went the way of the rest to Rome. Peace be with him. England will not feel his loss acutely!

The next 'development' into which Philip Paternoster found himself drawn was participation in the vagaries of a 'Lay Brotherhood,' which was so far more successful than Dawes' scheme, that it is, we perceive, even now existent; dragging on a protracted career, by means of appealing advertisements in the newspapers for pecuniary aid.

This was called 'The Guild of the Brethren of SS. Boanerges, or the Society of the Sons of Thunder.' Strangely enough, it emanated,

not from the promising soil of S. Barabbas, or S. Paulinus, but was transplanted thither a hardy exotic from a rapidly 'improving' district on the confines of Camberwell.

Conspicuous amongst the congregation of a church already alluded to was a youth named Simperling, of washed-out complexion, and frame far from athletic; but famed as an ecclesiastical gymnast. None could so perfectly realise the expression of utter vacancy in the human countenance as Simperling when he did the devotee. No animated being ever approached so nearly the resemblance to the little stone figures with hands stuck out in front, which they sell at Canterbury, or to the splay-footed saints, in an antique window, as Simperling. The proximity of Simperling's nose to the tessellated pavement, during the consecration,

tempted you to ask if Simperling had a special exemption from the laws of gravitation; if not, why didn't he go down plump? In attitude ecclesiastical, and expression inane, Simperling was a very Robson; whilst the nasal effects of his intonation at prime or compline would have made the fortune of that comedian, had he not already set himself on the high road thereto by his vocal efforts in the unecclesiastical character of Jem Baggs.

From Simperling as a centre was described the circle of the Sons of Thunder. Poor boys! you saw at a glance it was very mild thunder to be expected from them. They were mostly shopmen in the city, clerks in banks, &c., who had had the misfortune to pick up a little Latin and a Catholic Book of Devotion or two, which had the effect of so far turning their heads as to make them

bundle out of bed unnecessarily early of a morning to 'say prime' in a little three-pair-back room they had hired for the purpose down a slum in Camberwell. The consequence was they were most of them very sleepy in office hours, and when sweeping out the shop; whilst not a few lost their situations through the inflated manner they thought fit to assume in their semi-ecclesiastical state.

The avowed object of these infant monks was to help the clergy in their parochial work, as far as laymen could. Laudable enough. They were, in theory, a sort of 'correct' City Mission. But practice soon outgrew theory, and developed the Sons of Thunder to a considerable extent. Elated by their success in picking up a stray graduate or two of certain unrecognised universities, and egged on by the patronage of the Blessed

Bones clergy, these impetuous youths soon outran their ecclesiastical fosterers ; most of whom, it is but fair to say, were true to their oath of secrecy, *and kept their curacies in consequence.*

The Boanerges people were no time-servers. Some half-dozen of them discovered that the ruins of an old abbey in a midland county were desecrated to the purposes of a cow-shed. This they bought—by what means was a mystery—and on it erected, or rather from the ruins patched up, a place to exist in ; and thither retired to live under the strictest monastic rule. Of course the thing went smash in a very few months, and the six ‘brethren’ were adrift on the world. What possible connection such an institution could have with the avowed objects of the society of Thunderlings one could never discover ;

but such was the form of proceedings adopted by that remarkable corporation. And Philip Paternoster was one of the foremost to lift up his voice and weep in company with all the Brethren of the Bones, when they heard of the downfall of the religious house of their lay brethren.

The writer of these pages—pages of blended fact and fiction—cannot help turning aside here for one moment, and assuming the character of apologist. He is well aware that many sober Church of England people will put down his book at this point, and accuse him of wandering into outrageous exaggeration. But, O staid and sober individual, John, of genus Bull! could I only act Asmodeus to you, I would prove the substantiality of all that is above written.

Could I but persuade you, comfortable man of money, to rise from your couch at the untimely hour of six A.M., I would—always supposing me gifted with Asmodeus' anti-lath-and-plaster powers—unroof for you a certain unsuspecting-looking domicile, and show you the Brethren Boanerges pattering prime before their little altar in the attic, each attired in cassock, cord, and full monastic insignia. At close of eve, could the exhibition woo you from your port wine, I would show the same faithful juveniles doing compline. I would point out clergymen sitting by and witnessing this boyish assumption of priestly powers ; aye, and if the truth must be told, those clergy not always of the Blessed Bones order, but incumbents of parishes, whose parishioners, haply, are little aware how far semi-Popery is patronised *sub rosa*

by their outwardly judicious pastors, and who—to say the least—ought to know better than to help on these youths in a course which renders them, for the time being, ridiculous, and can have but one issue in the end, and which—the consciences of more than one such pastor must prick him as he reads—has, as a fact, sent over many converts to a church for whose forms and ceremonies they were tutored on this side the Rubicon; so that a boy has one Sunday been chaunting compline in the back attic of the Boanerges Brethren, and the next swinging a censer in the choral procession at the celebrated church of Father —, the open seceder and unwearied proselytiser in the next street!

‘Mere envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness’ will be the tone probably taken up by the objector, priestly or semi-



priestly—Blessed Bone or Boanerges. Here is one who confessedly has sat on our benches, whose very title-page convicts him of once having been amongst us, nay, who is open to suspicion of having been a ‘Bone’ himself, or else—supposing the brethren to have kept their vow—how could he know the existence of that ossiferous substratum of society—such a man suddenly turns round and discovers everything we do to be wrong, dips his pen in gall, and sets himself to write gross personalities. One word in reply, and the apologist shall again be merged in the historian. To personality he pleads guilty in a measure, for he is compelled to portrait-painting. Were he not personal, he would incur the counter-charge of unreality. But having secured for himself the lay-figure (he is speaking now as a tailor, not ecclesiastically) of unadorned truth,

his aim is so to envelope it in the garments of fiction, that no invidious personality shall be laid to his charge. In advancing to his position of a 'Bone' or a 'Boanerges,' each individual must remember he constitutes himself a type of certain opinions, haply unrepresented elsewhere in the community than by himself. As such he is public property; and, as such alone, does he find place here. Simperling is not, *as* Simperling, dragged from his native obscurity, but as Provost of the Guild of Thunderers he must be content to share the often irksome gift of immortality.

Gall, at least, the writer disowns *in toto*. From him, as a renegade, he feels obloquy would indeed come ill: would that all converts were equally tolerant to the opinions they have left behind them! But smile he

must, as—he now feels—he would have smiled could he have been for one brief moment placed *hors de lui*, and seen himself pressing the Boanerges benches. Simperling—devoted, single-minded Simperling—you would smile, could you come out of yourself and stand a dispassionate nineteenth-century man, looking with common-sense faculties on your now self. You *are* funny, you know, Simperling; and though you mean very well, you go a very circuitous way round to accomplish your good intentions. You will see this, Simperling, when youth wanes, and you drop down the hill on the shady side of thirty; as your clerical friends, the Bones, will see it when they take unto themselves bones of their bones, and settle down snugly into family men, always supposing you do not, either of you, subside as permanent dry bones

into the yawning sarcophagus of Rome, which, in sober truth, is the only place for bones, after all.

And the softer sex—if it be not a libel on Simperling to represent anything at all as possibly softer than himself—they had their sisterhoods, and Philip Paternoster was a favourite with them; ay, and if the truth must be told, the same spirit prevailed amid these sisterly spinsters as, in regions less orthodox, is said, by the tongue of scandal, to develop in tea-fights, when a young and handsome curate is discussed, along with the muffins, by ‘tabbies,’ old, young, and middle-aged. The sisters in question were mostly middle-aged (mediæval they called themselves), and were devotedly attached—that is, of course, in an ecclesiastical sense—to the Bones in general, and to Philip Paternoster

in particular. Reader, sly reader, do I see thee pricking up thine ears, and preparing for a delicious bit of scandal, or a peep behind the 'grilles' of an Anglican 'establishment?' No, reader, until Mr. Chambers shall carry his motion for the inspection of nunneries, behind those grilles we cannot transport thee. Scandal we have none to tell. For himself—to subside into the singular—the writer has seen no irregularities or obliquities, and therefore writes of none. He has seen, and you may see, scattered over London, several bands of pious, plain, devoted ladies, mostly middle-aged, and *all* mediæval; thoroughly believing that they are doing God service by retiring from the world and living in pretty ecclesiastical buildings, partitioned off into cells; by wearing habits of a by-past age, with a decided tendency to bonnet, and aversion from crinoline; by submitting their entire

free-will to the *dicta* of the 'priesthood'—(nay, no hint is intended at offences which, from the Reformation downwards, have made the mention of nunneries offensive to English matrons)—by wailing mournfully in gimcrack chapels at frequent intervals during the day, they believe they intensify the value of that real self-denial which leads them to teach the ignorant, to do their woman's work with the fallen, their almost angelic work by the bed-sides of the sick and dying. Reader, let us speak gently of these sisterhoods, though we think the end may be wrought by simpler machinery. Let us not scoff at the ugly habit, if it hide a beautiful heart. We may not approve of the means, but let us forbear to sneer at the motive, lest perchance we wound some woman's heart who has veritably left all to follow Him; lest we seem to join in the clamour which—with shame we say it

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—was raised against that lady who left a noble home for the hospital at Scutari, and whose gentle name shall live in England's heart when the names of Alma and Inker-mann live only on her banners—the name of Florence Nightingale.

It must be confessed, however, that even Puseyite sisterhoods have their alloy. All were not middle-aged who were mediæval. There were Daweses and Simperlings, female as well as male. In fact, the sexes approached preternaturally near each other, and merged imperceptibly, well nigh making good the saying of the witty canon, 'that there are three sexes—men, women, and *clergymen*.' The *sœur* Angelica — Katie Franklyn, in mundane appellation—was of this latter order. Scarcely would the pen of the historian do that sisterly young lady injustice if it set her down as 'skittish.'

Katie had run her round of balls, and operas, and pic-nics, with the rest of young lady London. The Crystal Palace had numbered her amongst its season-ticket-holders; Chiswick knew her; the Botanical and Zoological (on band-days) were on familiar terms with her. Gayest, amid a very flower-show of bonnets, was Katie's, on Tuesdays and Fridays in Kensington Gardens. In fact, Katie had been all—and something more—that young ladies of a certain position in London are on emerging from their teens. She slaughtered her Adonis at each nightly revel; she left romantic youths at Brighton and Scarborough, sighing to the sea-breezes their admiration of the fickle fair one. She is even reported to have affected a clod of a Cantab, on his aboriginal shores of Weston-super-Mare. But, by some means or other, though



the distance from the teens waxed year by year more serious, though mamma was indefatigable, and papa profuse in dinners to promising young men, Katie did not go off. The mystic bourne of thirty was being rapidly approached, and suitors began to drop away, when at last Katie did go off—not quite in the way she originally intended, or mamma or papa approved—that is, she went off to join a certain religious community of females whose domicile lay within easy distance of darling 66 B, and is, even now, plainly visible to those who journey west by Islington and Chelsea omnibuses. *Verbum sap.*

Katie Franklyn, at one fell swoop, separated herself from social dissipations; but it was only to drain the more intoxicating draughts of religious excitement. She went the round of exciting services; she was great

in the knick-knackereries of ecclesiastical decorations ; with the Pimlico Brethren she had twined floral wreaths at Barabbas ; with Dawes, she had donned its purple Lenten trappings on the *bijou* altar of the Plain Cooks' private chapel ; and now she was unmistakeably in love with Philip Paternoster.

Either Katie was not crafty enough, or did not care to conceal this interesting fact, but, as we have seen, it was made evident to Philip himself, whilst, at the same time, it became daily more perceptible to the members of her sisterhood, and served to make their society anything but a bed of roses for the volatile young lady. However, her liveliness so far stood her in good stead that she did not care particularly about it, as she felt herself quite equal to a scratching-match with any of the 'ugly old maids,' as she irreverently termed them.

## CHAPTER III.

## MATRIMONIAL.

‘SISTER Angelica ! exclaimed, an antiquated virgin, as she detected Katie one day arranging her hair before a scrap of looking-glass—(Angelica, as has been already mentioned, was Katie’s ecclesiastical name ; and looking-glasses were contraband articles)—‘ Sister Angelica—what is the meaning of this ? The habit laid aside ! The hair being braided before a glass ! I must—though in all charity—report this to the Reverend Mother.’

‘ Report away,’ said Katie, snappishly, being foiled in her effort to arrange a killing little ‘ whisker’ in keeping with her chevelure à l’Imperatrice. And then she sang—much to the ire of the elderly spinster—a song of early days

‘ Tell-tale, tit,  
Your tongue shall be slit—’

‘ Sister Angelica!’ by the ancient of days parenthetically—

‘ And all the dogs in the town  
Shall have a little bit!’

‘ I’m going to see Mr. Paternoster.’

‘ You need scarcely tell me that,’ replied the old lady, stiffening her boddice.

‘ Wouldn’t you like to be going too, Theodosia? Did it be so vexed because Philly wouldn’t look at its dear old face?’

‘ Sister Angelica !’

‘ Sister Theodosia ! Why did you put off your vow of virginity till you were five and forty, and no such vow was at all necessary ? But come, don’t be vexed ’—for tears rose behind the aged lady’s spectacles, perchance at the recollection of a time when no such vow was anticipated. ‘ Just put in this bonnet-pin for me, and I’ll tell you all about it. I’m going to a wedding.’

‘ A wedding—whose ?—not—’

‘ Yes, Philip’s.’

‘ Mr. Paternoster’s—and has he so soon turned traitor—ah ! and his tempter—’

‘ Yes—you’re right. I am *the bride* !’

Theodosia cast a look of half-incredulity and entire mystification at her informant, and then vanished, perhaps to act tell-tale to the Reverend Mother, and seek to prevent the

fatal issue ; if, indeed, she was simple enough to be taken in by the very palpable fib Katie had burdened her conscience with.

‘ Poor old frump ! I believe she’s jealous,’ said the laughing little *sœur*, as she put the *coup de grace* to a very tidy bridesmaid’s attire ; and, having despatched a lay-sister—(*Anglicè*—the ‘ gal ’)—for a cab, drove off to St. Simon Stylites, to officiate as joint witness with Herbert Osborne at the marriage ceremony of Henriette with Katie’s cousin and former flame Ned Franklyn, of whom we were going to say—more hereafter ; but when one has said he had been an officer of cavalry, until he sold out mysteriously ; after which he went through the various downward grades of porfessional billiard-player, sponger on former friends, &c.—thence degenerating into the simple ‘ swell ’ of unknown avocations, but

seemingly ample resources—when one adds to this that he was utterly unworthy of Henriette Osborne, all has been said that need occupy the pen of the writer in reference to Ned Franklyn.

He was one of those beings summarily described as ‘not a bad fellow;’ he might perhaps have been a good fellow had he fallen into hands fit to mould his too plastic nature. As it was anybody could see at a glance that, whether the two amalgamated for ill, or one took a good line and they clashed—the result must be bad. Under all the circumstances—and knowing all that the reader does about Henriette’s former and present feeling with regard to Philip Paternoster—it could be only by little less than a special miracle that the pair should start on a combined line for good.

And how did it all come about? You

shall hear. A very few words will suffice to tell. Henriette made up her mind it would be agreeable with her piqued and angry feelings, and Herbert added his suggestion that it would be extremely advisable for prudential reasons, that she should be married. Consequently the thing was done. There was only the somewhat important item of a husband wanted ; but these young people had an eccentric way of looking on things as done, when they had resolved they should be done. Besides, when Henriette came to town, and mingled freely in society, she found her influence, far from being less evident than at Flowerfield—as is often the case when country *belles* leave their aboriginal haunts—perceptibly widened in extent, and even, so it seemed, intensified in degree. She had had a definite offer from an oil and pickle merchant,



with a villa at Herne Hill, and an objection to the letter H which made it awkward for him to give his address; she had received—and returned—an ardent missive from a certain specimen of the Tite Barnacles class, the most stiff-necked young government official that ever lived inside an all-rounder collar; nay, it was even whispered that Pugin, the ex-curate of St. Paulinus, had simpered out his approval of the dark-eyed beauty as he lounged, in the true Faubourg St. Germain fashion, into a Belgravian *salon* whereof Henriette was the *belle*. None of these, however, bore away the *belle*. With regard to the two former she perhaps somewhat strongly expressed her determination, when she married, to have a man—not a boy—for a husband; and, moreover, confessed to a leaning rather for a gentleman than otherwise;

whilst, as to Pugin, she *said* that old ladies in antediluvian attire possessed no attraction for her ; and she felt—but did not say this—that she had had enough of Tractarian parsons ; so she ended by firing a broadside at poor susceptible Ned Franklyn, accepting his consequent offer without even feigned surprise, and begging him not to delay matters unnecessarily : a request which made Ned's huge moustache curl with the combined emotions of triumph over his numerous rivals, and anticipations as to what he was to do with the encumbrance of such a ' spanking ' wife.

Yes, Ned has married her. Here they are—to merge into picture-writing again—before the gaudy altar at St. Simon Stylites. The ' betrothal ' has taken place, in proper form, at the chapel door,—much to the astonishment of Ned and the pew-opener, who

wondered, in their ignorance, whether the marriage was to take place at the fire-stove, which diffused a most uncanonical warmth around the western extremity of Philip's chapel. And now the boys have sung the psalm as the little procession moved eastwards—it was a very little one, only the bride and bridegroom, Herbert Osborne and Katie Franklyn, with a chorister or two to look like acolytes. And the whole thing is over, except that Philip is singing, on a very high note, an address to the newly married, of which Ned only catches the concluding exhortation, viz. that Henriette is not to plait her hair or wear gold, or—(he fancies Philip says) put on apparel—but is to copy Sarah, and call her husband 'lord,' and not be afraid with any amazement. And so it is all over and they go into the vestry, and Philip—forgetting the

priest—exerts the ‘ Protestant ’ privilege of a kiss from the bride—the first and last that ever passed between those lips that might have clung each to other as a right—but—never mind, Henriette gulps down all olden memories, and, with an effort, awakens herself to the present : Herbert Osborne finds an ugly feeling shoot through him, as he, too, witnesses that kiss and thinks what might have been ; however, he makes the best of it, and kisses Katie, as in duty bound. And then they proceed to sign the register—when it all at once occurs to Philip that his chapel is not licensed for marriages, that he has no register-books there ; and that, consequently, Ned and Henriette, though one in the eyes of the church and of the law, are in a somewhat anomalous position in the eyes of society.

‘ However, though I am horridly vexed at

what has occurred,' said Philip, 'no harm, I assure you, can come of this. You are legally married—'

'You're sure of that, Paternoster, the thing is valid, is it?' demanded the bridegroom, not with any signs of excessive agitation.

'If there is the smallest doubt,' said Herbert Osborne, 'let us adjourn at once to the next church, tell the incumbent our position, and let him perform the ceremony.'

'Not the least necessity. In fact no one would re-marry them,' added Philip. 'I am the only one who can suffer by this. It will probably cost me my position—in fact I may lose my gown through it; for I've never informed Gregory the marriage was coming off, or he would have told me the place was not licensed.'

'I vote for keeping it snug,' Ned Franklyn

said—and seemed more at his ease than he had done all through the ceremony. ‘Any *exposé* would be very disagreeable; and as long as the marriage is legal, what more do we want?’

Henriette was satisfied with this too; but she and her brother were very urgent in having a memorandum drawn up to this effect, and signed by all the parties just as a regular certificate would have been. This document Herbert retained, and declared his intention of taking to the parochial clergyman to see if he could get it inserted in the register; if not, Philip was to see the bishop, and patch up the matter as best he might.

The only one of the personages connected with this little episode who was at all agitated by it was Katie. From the moment of the ceremony’s commencing, up to the *dénouement*

just described, she had been speechless, pale, and trembling. Strangely enough, the colour came to her cheek once, and that was when a doubt was implied whether the marriage was legal. It was an odd thing, but both she and her cousin seemed rather relieved than otherwise by the doubt.

However, it was declared to be 'all right.' There was a merry party in the curate's rooms upstairs. And in the afternoon the newly-married couple went off—each looking rather as though they were going to a funeral—taking the tidal train to the coast; whence they were to cross to France the next morning. Ned Franklyn was going to 'look out for something' there. A very pleasant, but not a very profitable avocation, rather prevalent than otherwise amongst young men just at present.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE CONFESSIONAL.\*

WE cannot but cry out, as we approach this branch of our subject, in poor Tom Hood's words—

‘O men with sisters dear!  
O husbands with loving wives!’

It is to you we address ourselves on this topic. To your loving hearts, to your cool heads—aye, to your strong arms, if necessary—we suggest that here it is Tractarianism grows ruinous. In this one element more than in any other do we discern the germs of

\* It is necessary to observe that the *exposé* of the ‘Confessional in Belgravia’ took place during the passage of these sheets through the press.



ruin. It is bad for man to usurp supremacy over the conscience of man ; it is insolent for one human being, simply because he has been ordained, by another human being, to suppose that he, as such, and without any discernible signs of moral supremacy, is to tell his equals, or his seniors, that their wider experience, their mightier genius, their larger acquirements, are nothing, that all are to be subjected to a certain mysterious power supposed to be transfused into him by ordination—a power which on the ‘high pressure principle’ may co-exist with ignorance, imbecility, nay, vice and depravity itself. This is bad ; but we have no fear for England in this respect. What is ten thousand thousand times worse is when the same authority is claimed over the mind of woman. We are content to leave our fathers and our sons to Tractarian priests,

because we are comfortably conscious those sprigs of sacerdotalism will find these somewhat stiff material to work upon. But the soft, pliable nature of our beloved ones—whom we love because they are so soft, so pliable, so easily influenced for good, so unsuspecting of evil—this we cannot resign. It would be a fatal day for England if ever England's wives and daughters were led to deem the confessional a more sacred place than home, the approval or the objection of the priest more eligible or more formidable than those of husband or father.

Such doctrines have been held here in England; they are held now abroad; and who would change English matrons or English daughters for foreign ones? Do not our continental neighbours envy us our English homes? Is not a foreigner proud when he

can call an Englishwoman his wife? And why? Because into these homes the confessor's influence extends not; over that wife's mind broods no unseen spell to her more sacred than her husband's—none save her reverence and thankfulness to the God who made them one.

Now, as has all along been said, in this most tolerant and amiable of works, it is not meant to affix a stigma so much to Tractarians as to Tractarianism. We are proud to set it down as our honest belief that few of those rather over-educated and slightly imbecile gentlemen who shape their minds and bodies—nay, even their coats and waistcoats—after the regius professor of Hebrew as their fogleman—are desirous of using for an ill purpose that confessional power which they claim as a portion of their priestly prerogative. At the

same time—as there will be black sheep in every flock—we could name some one or two whose actions, tried at the bar of public opinion, have convinced the people of England that it is part of their design to use for the worst of purposes that most degrading instrument of society—the confessing-box. We have a wholesome dread of the law of libel. We are not going to hint, even darkly, at the personality of these wolves in sheep's clothing. We have never seen, or wish to see them. Their names are only known to us from an infuriated public press; and so far we confess to cataloguing them in the same class with the Holywell Street 'dealers.' Personally speaking, I, as a writer professing to have seen much of Puseyites, step out into the singular number, and say I myself have never met a clergyman, even of ultra-Tractarian

views, who I believe would *designedly* use confession for an evil purpose. But at the same time, conscious of the frailty of our poor human nature, and fully convinced that the germs of all Romish horrors are latent in the *principle* of confession, nay, in the doctrine of *surveillance* generally; and writing, as I do, with a purpose, even in this seemingly trifling book of mine, I do, in the name of their holiest ties and dearest interests, cry out, with the words of him I quoted above—

‘O men with sisters dear!

O husbands with loving wives!’

To you—who, very probably, may not have cared to read the rest of my story-book, do I commend at least this chapter and its subject—the confessional.

At the time of which we now write, the confessional was in full swing at St. Simon

Stylites. Philip had been there a little more than a year, and had sole charge of the establishment above ten months out of the twelve. The superior minister leaned to Leamington, Cheltenham, and non-residence in general; so Philip was identified with his chapel. He could say, '*La chapelle—c'est moi.*'

When first he had come there, a frisky young lady bounced into the sacristy one evening after behaving very badly at the prayers, and simpered out to Philip, who demanded her business,

'Oh, I came to ask whether you *receive confessions.*'

To which Philip replied very bluntly, 'Certainly not;' and bowed the devotee out again, rudely dissipating hopes that she had 'made an impression' on the new minister.

But this request set him thinking. It would be very nice if confession were carried out in the Church of England ; if the overburdened heart came spontaneously to the priest to outpour itself, and receive counsel and advice. By-and-by another burdened heart *did* come, and Philip did 'receive confession;' but he felt very awkward about it, not knowing what to do or say. So he journeyed to Masters', and bought Gresley on the 'Ordinance of Confession in the Church of England.' Then he thought—and preached—that confession was not only a privilege, but a duty, that it should not be spontaneous, but periodical, and in place of 'counsel and advice' as its object he put 'priestly absolution.'

This was the highest point in the ecclesiastical thermometer Philip had at this

moment reached. Hitherto his sacramental theory had trenched on transubstantiation and meritorious works, but now he made one step towards the sevenfold system. Had he thought seriously at this period he must have gone to Rome: he could not feel that England's church had a place for him, if he had paused to ascertain his position. But he simply did *not* think, on matters sacred or secular. Had he done so in the former case, he must, as we have said, have pilgrimaged Romewards, or lopped away his foreign creed-growth; had he done so in the latter, the earliest moment of sedate thought must as surely have sped him to Flowerfield, where poor Hebe still waited, though scarcely hoped any longer. But he had manifold sources of distraction. He lived three or [four distinct lives. With Dawes in his darkened chapel, mumbling



Latin devotions ; with Herbert in his cloistered retirement, quaffing huge potations, after the fashion of the monks of old ; with Katie and Henriette—who had still stuck leech-like to him—and Ned Franklyn, he frittered mornings or danced away evenings. What leisure, then, to think ? With his love of ceremonial developed as it was in his luxurious chapel, and with a daily growing sense of, and ambition for, priestly power, whereof he had begun to learn the sensation in his confessional, and with little or nothing to hold him back, it is, indeed, wonderful Philip did not fall more readily into the snares Osborne had laid for him.

When the wedding-party broke up, and Ned and his bride went off, Philip fully expected that Herbert and Katie would do the like ; in fact, he devoutly wished they

would, as he had some ecclesiastical knick-knackery or other on hand. Herbert, he thought, would be sure to go ; for it was his custom to absent himself the greater part of the day, in order, he said, to read and write at the British Museum. But it struck Philip that Katie was lingering designedly until Herbert was gone, whilst Herbert as pertinaciously dangled about awaiting his little friend's departure. The fact was—much to Philip Paternoster's delight — Herbert and Katie had, of late, got up a strong flirtation either with other ; he was delighted at this, because he did not wish to involve himself with Katie—that is, he had no penchant that way—in fact, he had not so thoroughly out-grown the one love of life as to enter as yet on one of those mimicries thereof which all after-loves are. He thought it, therefore, only

natural that the two would be glad to get off to the park or elsewhere—he cared not where. But no; Katie stayed reading a book—*upside down*: Herbert lolled over a second; Philip yawned across a third. And so they remained, three people each boring the other, until the bell rang for dinner, when the priest and lay-brother donned their respective cassocks; whilst the *sœur* descended to the chapel, where she dawdled until she heard the choristers singing the ‘*Benedic nobis, Domine Deus*’ in refectory, and then vanished altogether.

At evening prayer—we beg pardon, ‘even-song’—Philip was the officiating priest; Herbert Osborne was not in his place in choir, and Katie was in the chapel.

The service over, the vestry-collect chanted, and Mr. Mole having trailed his cassock-tails

homewards—Philip was about to ascend to his rooms, when Katie entered the vestry, the thick black veil of her *sœur's* bonnet closely drawn over her face, and, in a voice almost inarticulate from excess of emotion, asked—

‘Are you alone?’

‘Perfectly.’

‘Where is Osborne?’

‘He left immediately after refecton, and has not since returned to the chapelry.’

‘Are you certain?’

‘Certain. Our doors are always closed before the evening service, and the keys brought to me. None can enter or leave the house save through the chapel. Had Osborne entered that way he must have come hither through the sacristy, which I know he has not done. But what's the matter, Katie?’

‘ Hush. Don’t call me Katie, at least not just for the moment. I want you to receive confession from me.’ !

She fell on her knees.

‘ Katie—Miss Franklyn—Angelica—rise. You will be discovered. Come into the chapelry. I cannot receive confession here. The man will come in a moment to put out the gas. Let me help you to rise.’

He did so ; and as he passed his arm round her to help her up, the veil fell back from her upturned face. It was pale as death, and tears had left their recent traces on it. Katie had once been beautiful—nay, even now her charms had but mellowed into early eventide. The girlish prettiness had developed into full womanhood. Her golden hair, banded closely beneath the little cap-frill, gave just a trace of its presence as it receded under her bonnet

and veil, and left fully exposed her still rounded face, whilst her eyes glistened more deeply blue than usual with the tears that brimmed from their lustrous depths. Her little hands, once so plump and perfect, but now white and worn, as became a sister, were clasped before her, where she knelt, and for an instant, as Philip lifted her into a standing posture, one of them clenched tightly over his own, whilst the heart beat wildly where the other encircled her waist. A crimson flush in an instant overspread each feature—just as in the outward evening of nature the sun throws long warm tints over tree and flower, ere he sinks into the pale lustre of stars. Who can tell what dreams, what hopes pulsed through that little frame at that moment? Who can say how far they met response in the breast of the youthful minister? None can tell. At

that moment—at the very instant that Philip was raising Katie Franklyn—the vergier entered unceremoniously. Philip hastily exclaimed—

‘Fetch a glass of water. This lady is unwell.’

And then they dared to look each other in the face ; the transient emotion was over ; the flush changed to pallor again. And one was a priest, the other a sister of mercy ; and they retired to the confessional to solemnize—so they deemed, or, at all events, so one of them deemed—a church sacrament.

‘I scarcely know how to tell you what I feel I *must* tell,’ said Katie.

‘Does what you tell concern yourself or others ?’ asked Philip ; ‘and is it of a nature to be communicated to me thus formally—sacramentally ?’

‘What I have to say concerns others and concerns *myself*.’ Her eyes were cast to the earth as she uttered this word. ‘And in each case what I have to say is so terrible, so positively awful, that I could only speak it under the seal of confession. You are sure we cannot be overheard?’

‘Perfectly. None but Osborne has access to this room, and he cannot enter the chapelry until I admit him.’

‘Then listen. In the first place, what I have to say concerns Ned and Henriette Osborne.’

‘Henriette Franklyn, you mean,’ observed Philip, with a smile.

‘No, Henriette Osborne. That marriage you performed this morning was not a legal one.’

‘Pardon me one moment.’ Philip crossed to the door. ‘I fancied I heard the door move,



and it struck me one of the servants might wish to speak to me. Now pray dismiss from your mind all doubts as to the ceremony being valid.'

'It is not that. Put your ear close that I may whisper. The marriage was not legal—for—*Edward Franklyn is already married.* The door—the door—I am sure there is some one there.'

'Gracious heaven, Katie! Why did you not divulge this before? why not prevent such a fatal catastrophe to Henriette—to your family—to *me*—for I am ruined if such be true?'

'It is true and I dared not divulge it. I cannot tell you why, it would be too long a tale now. Suffice it that cousin of mine is a thorough villain, and holds my fair fame in his hands, so far, at least, as to silence me.'

‘He cannot know anything wrong, anything *criminal* against you. Nay, remember, I have a right to task you thus, and to speak thus plainly, in the position we now stand. Tell me, is there any *criminal* passage in your life which your cousin is aware of?’

‘I do not shrink from the word, do not question your right to use it, but I answer No, there is no criminal passage *which he knows*. He knows at least but of girlish indiscretions. But O, Philip, Philip! I must speak thus to you even here, must look once more on you whilst you can regard me with esteem. And now it shall all be told. It is a hideous burden that I have borne too long. I must cast it on some other, and who so fit to receive it as you, my friend, my—’

‘Your confessor, Angelica.’

Philip rose pompously. Katie fell on her

knees and buried her face in the folds of his surplice.

‘ My confessor. Yes, you shall hear all. There is a *criminal* passage in my life, a long black tale of wickedness and vice, and—worse than all—hypocrisy.’

‘ Tell me as much or as little as you like ; though it is my duty to exhort you to tell *all*, if you would seek the grace of *absolution*.’

‘ I do seek it : I must have it, or die. *I will tell all*. Your friend, Herbert Osborne—

‘ Osborne here !’ exclaimed Philip, and, drawing back as he spoke, he caused Katie to look up. Her eyes lighted on Herbert Osborne, who was standing in the doorway, gazing at the pair with a smiling face, very like the fiend in an Adelphi drama.

‘ Shall I come in ?’

‘ Osborne, did you knock ?’ asked Philip

Paternoster, advancing, surplice and all, towards Osborne, very much as though he meant to assume the church militant, and knock him down.

‘ Philip, of course I knocked. But do tell me, my dear fellow, shall I go out again? Katie, shall I go out? I would not for the world interrupt the confession until the very last peccadillo has been wiped out. Are you quite sure—is all square?’

He reassured them by his levity, which convinced them he had heard nothing. He *had* heard, however—we may inform the reader in confidence—heard everything, and was acting consummately; wearing a smiling face whilst a devil’s heart was working inside him.

Philip and Katie had not the same amount of self-command, but they felt that everything depended on appearing calm; and conse-

quently, by a superhuman effort, they conquered their common disposition to sink into the floor, or vanish up the chimney, and fell back upon the more feasible method of seeming to take up Osborne's tone of mirth, in which they succeeded about as naturally as a man might be expected to who tried to be funny with a severe toothache.

## CHAPTER V.

## A NEW MOVE ON THE BOARD.

ANGELUS sounded at nine ; so off Katie trotted, almost buoyantly, glad to have relieved her mind of at least half its uncomfortable burden, and feeling that strange lightness and sense of relief which we do in such cases, as though our minds were jars of carbonic acid gas, and we could tilt the heavy fluid from one to the other.

Herbert Osborne and Philip Paternoster each escorted Katie to the outer door most politely, and somewhat against Philip's usual

custom, who considered it unpriestly to be courteous to the fair sex. But he was determined there should be no confab *now* between Herbert and Katie. Had Herbert offered to walk home with her, he would have joined them though he had no hat and had a cassock on. But there was no need of this. Herbert only gave Katie a look which, did looks constitute assault and battery, would have earned him six months at a Police Court. So Katie trudged to her 'home,' and the 'friends' went up stairs to supper.

Then began the battle. Both were aware that each possessed a secret pertaining to the other, though neither quite knew to what extent. Each waited to see the line that would be pursued by the other; and dissimulation was tacitly agreed upon. Philip whistled more than usual, an evident sign with

him that something was on his mind, and stood with his back to the fire, and his cassock-tails drawn aside. Herbert, usually the smallest of eaters, proposed supper, and ate apparently with the appetite of an ogre.

‘Grog?’ asked Philip.

‘And weeds,’ answered his friend.

Consequently the lay brother in attendance received his not unfrequent demand for rum and lemons; and, from the populous cigar-chest each selected a large Manilla cheroot.

This peculiar preparation of the bland narcotic is said to be slightly *opiated*.

Conversation flowed tranquilly after the first tumbler and initiatory cheroot.

With the commencement of the second, Herbert broke cover.

‘I’ve been thinking, Phil, what I shall do here when you leave—’



‘When I leave! I’ve not the least intention of leaving—’

This convinced Herbert he *had*.

‘I mean *if* you left. Why you may get a fat sinecure; or—if anybody had seen you closeted with Katie this evening—’

Philip winced not under the microscope.

——‘he would say it was not unlikely you may leave for South Italy. Supposing either of these contingencies to be the case, I should constitute myself sole minister of S. Simon Stylites—’

‘But Gregory—’

‘Would resign, or die of work; and then I should set going another ——ism. My own peculiar *culte*.’

‘Well, I confess I should be curious to know in what form your opinions would develop themselves.’

‘Would you? Then listen. For a long time—in fact ever since I have delved with you into the mysteries of Tractarianism—I have felt convinced that there is only one resource left when the adjuncts of your artistic worship begin to grow stale, as every stimulus to the senses must in time—’

‘And that is?’

‘The Terpsichorean art. No, don’t smile. I need not remind a graduate in classical honours how dancing has been consecrated to divine worship. And I really do feel that the next private speculator who would make a harvest out of his individual pet theory must interpret literally the invitations to the dance which occur in the Psalms, and turn his choir into the ancient chorus, who, you know, used to dance round “the altar.”’

‘This would be your *culte* then?’

‘No. I fear the *corps de ballet* would come expensive. My plan would be the most elaborate formality of ceremonial combined with extreme *rationalism* of doctrine. In fact I would avoid dogma, and preach morality only. In my ritual I would be thoroughly eclectic. If Rome supplied me with gorgeous externals I would take them; but I would do nothing for the mere reason that the Romans did so at Rome. Gregorians I would utterly abolish. I would have full orchestral accompaniments to every service.’

‘Would this be cheaper than ballet-dancers?’

‘I believe so. I believe instrumental amateurs may be got as well as vocal; and that the latter are prolific witness the numerous and excellent amateur choirs in London. These I would place, with the choir, entirely

out of sight, in the screened gallery next the organ. Depend upon it half the effect of the music is lost in Puseyite churches by one's *seeing* the scurvy fellows who produce the harmony. Remember the effect of the unseen chorus of nuns in *Le Domino Noir*. That's the sort of thing I should aim at.'

'And who would be your officiating minister?'

'Myself.'

'Scorning ordination?'

'Precisely so.'

'And then your preaching?'

'I'm coming to that next. I should clear the choir of stalls, altar, lectern—*and pulpit*—'

'And preach from a beer-barrel?'

'No, from the top step of what is now your altar. The gaudy dossal screen I should also remove, and in its place put my sole emblem,

a gigantic cross, the same size as we may imagine the actual one to have been, composed of two pieces of unadorned wood—in fact two branches of a “tree,” bark and all. Beneath this I should kneel during the prayers, and afterwards stand, arrayed simply in cassock and bands, lift up my voice and preach as nearly as possible in the style we heard Father Faber at the Oratory.’

‘Ah, that was a fountain of eloquence. Think you you could sustain your subject a full hour without pause or flagging?’

‘At least Christian morals would be a more fertile subject than the rosary, and of course I should study under a professional elocutionist. But what think you of the idea as a whole?’

‘I believe it would tell.’

‘It would be the very reverse of your present ritual. Its beauty would be severe,

grand, colossal. The present use, if it were not well carried out, would be namby-pamby.'

'True. But,' with a yawn, 'it is past midnight. I must to bed. The early service has spoilt me for nocturnal discussions.'

'The best of all ways  
To lengthen our days  
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my boys.'

sang Osborne, ineuphoniously—he had no idea of music.

'If you don't sing better than that you'll have to send across sea for me to act precentor. Egad! I believe you mean to dispossess me.'

'Across sea! Then it is to be South Italy?'

'Certainly, rather than Somersetshire. Good night. What, you're going to turn in too? No writing to do to-night?'

‘No. This day has been so eventful I must sleep upon it before I shall be equal to a leader.’

The night wore on ; and St. Simon Stylites his chapelry became a community of snorers. Yet the chief of that community slept not. One—two—three o’clock had clanged out from London’s thousand steeples,—how wildly seems to shriek that iron tongue in the dark hours, which by daylight sounds so familiarly, so monotonously ! Far above all the Abbey chime at Westminster met Philip’s ear, as, still undressed, he sat in his bedchamber just where he had thrown himself three hours since when he parted from Osborne. He sat profoundly meditating. Did that chime carry him back to olden days, when St. Stephen’s

was an abbey indeed? Did it bear him thence, in imagination, to lands where were abbeys still—cloisters for world-worn men and women—and a creed which gave life to such institutions instead of looking coldly on them and calling them irregular, as did Philip's mother-church stigmatise St. Simon's mimic monastery? Thence did the difficulties of his position—the marriage injudiciously celebrated on his part, criminally entered into by others—the fearful revelations he felt must come with the morrow from Katie Franklyn—these revelations connected (but how he dared not dream) with Herbert Osborne—did all these point with spectral finger to that sunny land of rest—that garden-land which for him should resuscitate God's Eden? Yes. The die was cast. Philip had neglected his private prayer of late, but he prayed now long



and earnestly for guidance and judgment. And then it was a higher mandate seemed to his excited brain to join in sending him on that path already mapped out. It was even so. He rose from his knees, and as the hour of four rang out with chime and clock-stroke, he verbally made answer—

‘Yes, I come, I come.’

And, putting just a change in the pocket of his over-coat, he sallied forth, swathed in the folds of a large cloak for secrecy’s sake, and so passed down the stairs, silently and unseen, *en route* for South Italy!

Unseen—as he hoped and believed, and happy (since ignorance is sometimes bliss) in being unconvinced of the contrary. But Philip’s departure was *not* unseen though uninterrupted. He passed Herbert’s bedroom door with stealthy footstep, but he had no

sooner done so than that door as stealthily opened about an inch, and still more widely as Philip neared the end of the little corridor. When he reached it, Osborne, at the risk of detection, emerged, clad in dressing-gown, with pen in hand, and indulged in a pantomimic gesture expressive of exultation.

‘So,’ said he to himself, ‘I calculated rightly on my friend’s tendency to *bolt*. Poor Phil, I thought he would jump at that South Italy suggestion. Sorry to sacrifice you, old boy, but really I believe it’s the best place for you.’

He returned to his bedroom, where a cheerful fire and a table spread with books and papers showed he had not been in bed. He prepared, however, to retire now, plunying himself much upon his success in one point at least. Having folded up and sealed a huge bundle of

MS. he placed it in his desk, burnt all other papers, and concluded his soliloquies as he extinguished the lamp.

‘There—every emergency is provided for. Now my beloved relatives, Kate and Ned Franklyn, I am prepared to “rasp” you.’

‘Rasping’ was Herbert’s comprehensive expression for all kinds of annoyance, bodily or mental, great or small, which he inflicted on people who, to his manner of thinking, stood in his way.


## CHAPTER VI.

## PROS AND CONS OF POPERY.

FORTH from the Hotel des Etrangers, in the Rue Tronchet, Paris, stepped Philip Paternoster, on the morning of the second day after his abrupt departure from St. Simon Stylites, as detailed in the last chapter. This was, properly speaking, his first halt since leaving that troublous little cloister ; for, up to this time, he had not felt secure from those accumulated cares which had hounded him from his monastic retirement. He had hitherto been like a truant boy, who hears in every sound the

footfall of his Dominie coming to fetch him back to school. But, with the Channel between himself and St. Simon, and the thousands of a great city around him to afford both security and distraction, he felt comparatively at his ease. And thus, after a refreshing night's rest, with all his fetters slipt from off him, stepping forth in the clear crisp air of Paris in October, with the beauteous Madeleine bursting, for the first time, on his sight, and that strange sensation of novelty which we can feel but once—on our first visit to the Continent—renewed at every step, Philip Paternoster, for the nonce, smiled gaily as a happy man, and breathed freely—*almost* as an honest man; and thus wended his way, wonder-stricken, up the glorious Boulevards.

The first few days after his arrival were chiefly spent in pacing the streets of the



Quartier Anglais, in search of a suitable appartement de garçon ; for Philip wisely determined whilst in France to *see* France ; and not seek the indifferent English fare, and—in his case—undesirable English society, appertaining to Parisian hotels. At the same time, not having as yet any practical acquaintance with ‘ y<sup>e</sup> manners and customs of y<sup>e</sup> Parisians ’ he could not quite venture on an altogether un-English region. At length, after protracted skirmishing with voluble concierges, and a good deal of healthy pedestrian exercise in the way of mounting to *sixièmes* and descending therefrom, he found a sky-parlour in a street out of the Faubourg St. Honoré, with a balcony commanding a view *ad infinitum* over the Champs Elysées ; and there made himself at home, as he intended to peruse chapter I. of Practical Popery in the French

metropolis. In this pursuit, and in coaching up the language of the land, wherein he was shaky, Philip flattered himself he should be able to get the days over without *ennui*.

And so he did gloriously. For awhile he revelled in a certain sublime selfishness. Beyond the supply of his daily wants—and he never knew what the need of money was, though he was not absolutely rich—he had nothing to think of. He banished the past, as nearly as he could, and lived in and for the present. He vegetated. He took as his model the jelly-fish, whom he chose just now to set down as the most perfect specimen of animal organism. He was an oyster, nestling cozily in the quiet shell of his appartement garni. He took up Göthe's word, and tried his utmost practically to realise it—to be *bequem*.

Take a specimen day: these are early days, remember. Philip was out of the reach of cock-crow, so did not rise precociously. Having, however, eventually done so, he arrayed himself gorgeously in the legitimate Palais-Royal *robe* and smoking-cap; brewed his *café au lait*, and read his grammar. A cigarette or so discussed, he renewed his outer man, and as he did so, paused to wonder at the insane idea English people have, that tailors know how to make clothes in Paris. Then his concierge would come up, and, regardless of decency, enter his bedchamber to ask if she should débarrasser la table for Monsieur. Monsieur would strive to word his reply as little like yesterday's as possible; but a limited vocabulary made the daily discourse rather litany-like in its ever recurring phrases. Then the sunshine in the Champs Elysées was



to be taken advantage of : this led to *dejeuner* in that region of eating and drinking the Palais Royal ; and, after this, came the Bibliothèque Impériale and Catholic study, or a lecture at the Sorbonne on some subject connected with the great scheme, *i. e.*, the Romish. This brought on dinner, and led his feet to the Palais Royal again ; and then came the most difficult time to dispose of—the evening. The theatres were incomprehensible ; the libraries shut, except S. Geneviève, which was too far, and Galignani's, which was too English. However he often ventured to the latter, but never felt easy, lest Gregory, or Herbert Osborne, or Mr. Walford should pop in. It was the only place where he now heard the Dominie footfall.

The novelty of his new home worn off, however, Philip Paternoster must have struck

the Parisian police (for of course they had their eye on him), as a sort of Commissioner, sent over from England to inquire into the state of the churches in Paris. To study the character of the Catholic religion, as reflected in the externals of Catholic churches, was his present business ; and he certainly transacted it as punctiliously as a man on change. He was right. He was on the Romeward path ; and therefore paused to see what Rome itself, or his next stage Romewards, was like. It would be well if more of our impetuous Tractarian curates did this perhaps, instead of making one bolt from Pimlico to the Vatican, or Marylebone to Moorfields, with about as much notion of what they are going to, as ordinary Church of England people have of the school these youths are leaving. It is true. As a fact, Puseyites are utterly ignorant of

Rome. They ape her veriest vulgarities ; but the writer has known those—Dawes to wit—who are now fulminating miniature bulls from Catholic pulpits against ‘ benighted Protestants,’ display the most utter ignorance of Romish doctrine and Romish ceremonial, and that on the very eve of their joining the Infallible Establishment. It is to be hoped their infallibility comes down upon them in a Danaë-shower as soon as they disappear from the gaze of ordinary mortals, for it formed a very slender ingredient of their attributes, as we knew them.

Philip Paternoster’s first impressions of Popery will be least artificially conveyed to the reader, by transcribing his two earliest letters to Herbert Osborne on the subject. These letters, which were ‘ never meant for publication ’ (as is always said of letters in

biographies), the author, who reads them as bearing upon their writer's finished history, ventures to term 'The Pros and Cons of Popery in Paris : ' the former containing the *pros*, the latter some of the *cons*, as they struck Philip Paternoster :—

I.—THE 'PROS' OF POPERY.

*'Paris.*

' MY DEAR HERBERT,

' WITH reference to my late abrupt "move," which you may not impossibly designate an eccentric one, I will venture to argue from a previous occurrence of a like nature, and your own explicit assurance on that occasion, that it does not concern you sufficiently to call upon me now to defend the course I have thought proper, for reasons of my own, to take.

' After this eloquent exordium, I will simply

state to you, in so many words, that my mind is now all but thoroughly made up to adopt the "South Italy scheme." Rome appears to be my only refuge ; as I now feel it has all along been my constant tendency. That tendency is culminating. My first study of Catholicism on the Continent convinces me how thoroughly I have been schooling for it in England.

' Here, for the first time, I seem to see that of which I have hitherto but dreamed—a VISIBLE CHURCH. Our Tractarian system, beautiful as it is, is but partial. It is like the picture one hangs up to teach children object-lessons from. I cannot conceive how Catholic converts can ever revile the Anglo-Catholic system. I simply feel I have left it behind me. I have passed the portal, and another step will now take me into my home.

' It may be a trifling matter of detail to

touch upon, but I certainly do feel inexpressibly gratified, that your definition of a curate as "a thing in an alpaca coat, with a gingham umbrella, and a head-waiter kind of necktie," no longer applies. The priests here are "every inch" priests. I wonder whether I dare wear my cassock out before actually going over? I am very much tempted to try.

'And then those churches always standing open! the frequent mass! the glorious elaboration of ceremonial! I cannot tell you which church I like best. Sometimes I fancy the Madeleine—I can well understand your weeping at the Vox Humana stop of that organ; only I think you said it was at the fiddles—at another time S. Roch, or Notre Dame de Lorette claim my chief regards. But I am regularly "doing" them all; and hope to read you my "remarks" one of these days.

‘Anti-Catholic as you are in doctrine, you must confess that here, at least, we have devotion; and I am pleased to think that on one point at least you and I are agreed, viz., that this is the effect of those appeals to the senses sanctioned by an ornate religious *cultus*. As an example now, at the Madeleine this morning I strolled in when no service was going on, and I saw an officer, a young fellow of some twenty years, and a swaggering sub he was too, come in and drop on his knees before an altar of the Sacré Cœur, where he remained until I left, thoroughly absorbed in devotion. Now where would you find such an instance as this in a Protestant church? Throw open the closed conventicles, and would any guardsman *dare* to pray in public? No: his religion has not taught him to fear God more than man. His church has no beauties

that can eclipse the gew-gaws of the ball-room. But I forget, I am not writing a sermon, but a letter; and, I dare swear, calling down maledictions on my prosiness from your voluble tongue.

‘How beautiful is the reverence for the dead in this Catholic country! I passed the funeral of a little child in the street to-day. Some loving hands had laid on the white coffin a wreath of whiter flowers. Is not this the very poetry of religion? Every dirty fellow passed the little procession bare-headed. Depend upon it these little things are not meaningless. Truth radiates into a thousand seemingly trivial details of daily life. And even in incidents like this I seem to read, hour by hour, a new assurance that I entered on the right path when I interpreted the old chime at Westminster as a summons to the Catholic Church.



‘Yes ; hitherto, at all events, I have been only going up, up, up, the steps of that ladder which, hour by hour, I find more densely angel-peopled ? Can I doubt its end to be heaven ?

‘I did not follow the funeral abovementioned to its destination. Indeed I have not had time to see a Catholic cemetery yet. But I long to get to Père la Chaise, and pay my *devoirs* at the shrine of Abelard and Heloise.

‘In the mean time I am happy ; though perhaps at some times a little lonely. But I think of Keble’s beautiful lines, beginning,

“ Why should we faint and fear to live alone,  
Since all alone, so heaven has will’d, we die ? ”

‘I could wish, on looking back, that my previous path had been less fraught with pain to others. But these are only the drifting spars of the wreck of worldliness. And God

knows that I would not have sent them floating there had I not felt that I *must* throw myself naked and unencumbered upon the wide ocean of His love.

‘ It is here, I believe. I believe you cannot separate those two words the *Holy Catholic* Church. I believe there is but one possessor of these hallowed titles, and that she is Catholic *because* she is holy, and so the reflection of holiness itself.

‘ Amid all my weaknesses and waverings, you know well that I have ever been willing to test my state by your own touchstone—“morality.” “By their fruits ye shall know them.” I am here gathering the ripe fruits of which I had seen the pretty blossoms in what was once my own “Church,” what I must now call my “school,” for I feel it has but led me to Church after all.

‘Good bye, dear fellow. Don’t be too hard on what I am uncomfortably conscious you will term my “vapourings.” Whatever else they may be, they are sincere. I declare to you that, even now, were the shade of a suspicion to cross my mind that the Catholic Church was not all she professes, I would pause to take the fatal step. But the more microscopically I examine, the more convincing do the proofs of her superiority become. Good bye, then; in a comprehensive “Vale” do I bid farewell to six-and-twenty years of life, with all old associations, friends, and pursuits. Shall I shame to add that I drop a tear—though not altogether of sorrow—as I do so?

‘Ever yours,

‘P. P.

‘P. S.—I shall write to you once more. Answer this.’

## II.—‘CONS.’

‘DEAR HERBERT,

‘So long a time elapsed and Philip Paternoster not yet “gone!” It is even so. I am still standing like a child shivering on the brink of the stream, hesitating to make the final plunge. The fact is I want some one to get behind and give me a good shove over; and I find nobody to do it. The good “Father” with whom I have been in communication doesn’t seem to care particularly whether I come over or not. I fancy he thought I should be a good deal easier to manage than I am. He had no notion of my asking questions *before* I came over. I was to come over first, and that would be made all right afterwards. But, as you would observe, I did not seem to see that. He has grown monstrously Laodicean of late.

‘ Now I wonder whether the well-known fact that defects will always chequer the most perfect beauty on a near examination extends to matters ecclesiastical, that is, according to my new phraseology, you know, matters Catholic. I cannot tell ; but I don’t seem to think the priests here quite as priestly as I did when first they stole upon my view in solemn contrast to the frippery of the Boulevards. I wish they wouldn’t wear beaver hats—ordinary shiny chimney-pots, which they have no reason for doing, since ecclesiastical head-gear is not forbidden here as in England. Most of the older *curés* wear the orthodox attire (those nice little hats that the Flower-field farmers used to call “*roun’ crowners* ;”) but the younger clergy lean very largely to the gossamer ; some advancing even to the *Gibus mécanique*. There seem a good many

Daweses here, only they are not so clean. They have a terrible objection to nail-brushes. But then I suppose this arises from the fact that the lower clergy are so slenderly paid that none but the very inferior classes of society enter the church, except when they have interest. Now that word sounds strange, does it not? You would fancy all that kind of thing would be left behind in our queer old church and state establishment. Bless you, no. It's only the "swells," who get the bishoprics and other fat things here. Can it be true, even in these matters, that,

"*Celum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.*"

'Do you know the Faubourg S. Germain seems to me profoundly like Belgravia. There are just the same weak ladies and wheedling ecclesiastics. I have the very counterpart of

Pugin of S. Paulinus "in my mind's eye, Horatio." I declare I am horribly inclined to be facetious, and I do believe that the very worldly fig-out of a fast young curé who swelled in with a Gibus under his arm, has led me into most heretical inquiries as to the infallibility of (at least) *Parisian* Popery.

'I must push on briskly for South Italy if this kind of thing continues ; or I'm a " gone critter."

'(*Par parenthèse* I find *curaçao* capital stuff to write upon. I shouldn't wonder if you got on the whole an amusing letter.)

'Bumbledom is not unknown in Parisian Popery. The brute of a Suisse in the churches, who goes round with a great pole like flunkies carry, and dressed in the same manner as they, only with a cocked hat, shouting "*Pour les pauvres de l'église,*" while the hat is being

handed round, annoys me excessively, the big brute. Neither do I think the Masters of Ceremonies in court dress are in place on the top step of the high altar.

‘ I promised to write honestly, and give you cons as well as pros ; therefore I write all this. These, however, as you are aware of course, are the merest surface-blemishes ; perhaps I was silly to hope such would not exist. But I must honestly confess I have seen nothing half as pretty as 66 B yet.

‘ It’s no use, I can’t get a glimmering of what they are doing at mass ; and, *entre nous*, I don’t fancy half the *habitués* know either. They jump up and down as the bell rings : but do they know why ? I don’t ; though the reverend Père did at one time pile me with books to explain. This spoils the music, which, to be plain, does not come up to my expectations. In fact (this is capital *curaçao*), I don’t like it at all.



I have heard nothing half as pretty as the little girl's singing at the Chapel of Our Lady, St. John's Wood, or so grand as the "Stabat Mater" at St. George's Cathedral.

'Kensal Green whops Père la Chaise. One wreath of immortelles on a tomb is pretty, but when you come to half a hundred slung on a pole and thatched over to save them from the rain and prevent the necessity of renewal—the charm vanishes. The whole concern is in vile taste.

'One thing I adore: that is the Parisian Sunday. It would be better still if the masons and bricklayers would steal a holiday and go to the theatre, for they are at work under my window; and I have learnt that a French hod-man cannot labour at his usually quiet pursuit without making as much noise as an Irishman at a nate scrimmidge.

'The Protestant people are horridly bigoted

here, and have all sorts of scandalous stories against the morals of the Catholic priesthood. I don't believe one of them for a moment. I still believe here, as I did in England, that the Protestants look on the Catholics as a rival sect, and act and speak of them as such; not perhaps meaning to be, though I am convinced they are, very uncharitable.

'I am now going to "assist" at a procession at the church of S. Philippe du Roule, which is close by me, and much frequented by the English Catholics of the Quartier—but mild. Is it not a shame, they do not sing during the procession here? Carrying the host in silence is, after all, rather like a cheerful funeral.

'But my curaçao bottle is empty; and so will my ink-bottle if I go on at this rate. Why have you not written? I do not even know where you are, but shall send this to

the old literary haunt. I am so anxious to know what you are doing. Write to,

‘Your’s ever,

‘P. P.

‘Of course a P.S. ! It appears to me that I have written a very grumbling letter ; but *in vino veritas*. Don’t fancy I am unsettled, however. My bark still glides towards Italy.’

## CHAPTER VII.

## A PRE-RAPHAELITE PICTURE.

AND how were these letters received? Why was the first answered so hurriedly — the latter (as was the case) never answered at all? An episode of our little history will explain. Let it be briefly, vividly given. It shall be momentary, yet faithful, as the sun-picture. Glance, then, at yon photograph.

The scene you behold is in a suburb of London; you cannot say which, for its characteristics may apply to more than one; but that it is a metropolitan suburb you know, for

afar, seeming to slumber in the distance, you see the mighty city. You feel that you are away from its roar and din, and yet you can see it. The sun is up and shining, but still bare, leafless branches of trees which cross the window show that it is winter. A fire blazes in the little grate. The room is comfortably arranged—above the ordinary run of furnished lodgings; and yet, again, certain mute remembrancers show you it is a furnished lodging; for instance, the portrait of yon obese individual in black paper; that remnant of summer, the paper fly-cage, and certain china dogs of a hard and uncompromising exterior on the chimney-piece are all unquestionable emblems of ‘genteel apartments.’ It would appear, however, that the taste of the occupier has both added to and subtracted from the staple commodities of a

London lodging. Amongst the additions are one of those cozy writing-tables, with an infinity of drawers down the sides, and a semicircular study-chair in front thereof; also a neat little cottage pianoforte. Strewn on the table is a multitude of books, whose scored pages show they are being disembowelled for review, a heap of country newspapers, and beside them the emblematic scissors and gum-bottle, which would indicate that they too are being drawn upon to fill the columns of a brother journal; while MS.—‘copy’ is the technical term—lies in heaps on the table, in the chairs, and about the room generally. The old cat is sleeping on an ‘article,’ and her kitten amusing itself with a ‘leader.’ Two important items must not be omitted. First, That the sun, though bright, has not quite reached meridian.

Second, That one of the articles on the table is a bottle containing what sporting men term 'jumping-powder,' and what Hoffman and Poe used for their literary leaps—*brandy*. The quantity in the bottle has been gradually diminishing since we focussed our camera for this picture. On the pianoforte stands an open music-book. It is a new arrangement of a *morceau* from the Traviata.

You will say we are pre-Raphaelite in the minuteness of our description, reader: we are more. The picture represented to you was painted, *as* a pre-Raphaelite, some years since by Hunt. It was not very taking, though outrageously puffed by Ruskin. But it told its own story. Perchance our own may do the same, if we add that in the semi-circular chair at the writing-table, and on the music-stool before the piano, are seated

respectively Herbert Osborne and Katie Franklyn—*who is Katie Franklyn still.*

You will observe, now you come to look more closely into the picture, that in one respect it is no transcript of Hunt's original. There are no indications of an awakening conscience. It is Conscience's very torpor, trance—one might almost think *death*.

But no! There is life. A peculiarity of our picture is—what the wondrous stereoscope only needs to *make* it life—that motion and speech can be represented. Thus you now perceive that Osborne's pen (and glass) are in rapid movement. Katie's fingers likewise leap gaily over the keys as she trills the delicate melodies of the lost one. By and by, Osborne rises, puts on his hat and coat, while Katie arranges a bundle of MS. for him.



‘There’—as he places the packet under his arm. ‘If —— (mentioning a well-known cheap publisher) takes this we are right for a while, if not, my next move is *in obscuro*.’

‘I can translate that; into the dark,’ said Katie, and kissed him tremulously.

‘No; that’s a vile shot, for which I shall give you a bad mark, Sir (he had been college examiner in his time). The slightest acquaintance with the rudiments of the Latin language would have served to inform you that in with an ablative is ‘in,’—not ‘into.’ *In* the dark, Katie, not *into* the dark—not into the dark.’

And so he passed out, mumbling his joke. Katie wafted a word of encouragement down the dark, narrow staircase after him; watched him as long as she could see him from the window with glances which might have been

beautiful and holy, but which—which were simply not such in Katie Franklyn. Then she returned to the piano ; and shadows close in around our picture once more.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## SHOCKS.

PHILIP PATERNOSTER having waited a long time for an answer to his second letter, began to feel both disappointed and discomposed. He knew it could not have miscarried ; for he had sent both to a literary club, where he was sure they would find Osborne, if he were alive, which there appeared no reason to doubt. Clouds had again begun to loom on our hero's horizon. He could not disguise it from himself, he was sickened with Parisian Popery. Not only had his bright visions not

been realised to the full, but they had been rudely dissipated—totally, entirely dispelled; not a tint of beauty where he had pictured a very iris! What was he to do, then? Should he push on for South Italy as originally intended? It seemed hardly fair to judge of Popery by its Parisian phase, for it was but semi-Popery at the best; scarcely more Popish than, and certainly not as pretty as the Tractarianism he had left behind him. But, then, there was this fatal objection ever present to his mind to thwart the onward impetus, he found Popery get worse and worse in proportion as there was a lesser element of Protestantism in the surrounding society. Where Protestantism existed, Popery tried hard to keep decent. It *was* outwardly decent in England; it strove to keep up appearances in Paris. In good, sober

truth, he dreaded now to think of South Italy. He began to fancy that Bomba and the Pope, perhaps, had not been so hardly used by 'Punch,' after all. But, then, could he judge? He might be mistaken. It was thus he argued with himself one bracing morning early in the new year 1857 (for our narrative must now descend to dates), as he took his customary walk along the Champs Elysées, striving to picture to himself how truly they must deserve their name when summer came and clothed their trees with its garniture.

Pacing up and down, much to the mental disquietude of a lynx-eyed sentinel underneath the garden wall of the palace of the Elysée Napoléon, he at length startled that functionary into an unconsciously, warlike demonstration by exclaiming quite aloud—

‘ Yes, I will go—’

Perceiving the effect his exclamation produced, he nipped it in the bud, and, wishing his colloquial French enabled him to explain to the man that the frosty air had got into his brain, and braced him up into unwonted resoluteness, he turned on his heel, and determined that this should be his farewell saunter in the fields of Elysium.

We grieve to add that Philip had to say adieu to several *bonnes d’enfants* whom he was in the habit of using (avowedly, at least) as living French grammars. Certain it is, he was in the habit of talking to these guardian spirits of young Paris very freely during his mid-day saunters; and many were the assurances he received that noon that, though *Monsieur* would go away and forget Constance (or one or two other equally pretty names),

Constance (et C<sup>le</sup>) would never forget Monsieur.

The last of these affecting interviews being concluded, Philip drew forth his kerchief, as in duty bound, and, applying it to his eyes, departed. His temporary and self-inflicted blindness caused him to stumble against a lady, who was walking very quickly in the same direction as himself, and who, it struck him, must have heard the somewhat overdone protestations with which he had quitted his little French 'Grammar' aforesaid. Could it be possible she had been listening? She seemed to spring out of the tree close by in a most dryad-like manner.

Philip having learned to remove his hat on the slightest provocation, did so with a profound reverence and a muttered apology for his clumsiness. The lady bowed also, but

her back was towards Philip, and she did not turn, but passed quickly on. He followed—he scarce knew why—at a respectful distance, feeling, however, he should like to see her face, if only to judge whether she had overheard his conversation.

She passed up an avenue which was Philip's direct road home, so he followed her still, remarking, first, that she was a very fine woman; secondly, how much better Frenchwomen get their dresses made and put on than Englishwomen, even though, as in the present case, the materials are poor and coarse; thirdly—and here he remarked aloud again—

‘By Jove! she is a spanker to walk. She seems determined I shall not overtake her. We shall see, Ma’mselle.’

Here the avenue ended in the Place



Beauvau, the lady being some twenty yards a-head, and Philip made up his mind to have a run for it as soon as she turned the corner into the Faubourg. He was just preparing to quicken his speed, when, as she came to the corner, she turned full towards him, and, half by an unconscious gesture, half by an appealing look of that pale wan face, entreated him to come no further.

It was Henriette Osborne. It looked rather like the ghost of her former self.

A moment's argument decided Philip that it would be better to disregard the injunction he had for just so long a period instinctively obeyed. 'She may be in want. She is certainly in misery. At least, I must know where she lives; and—'

It was a generous motive which prompted him, and he turned the corner. He must

find her, for certainly not a minute had been lost in hesitation. No trace could he discover. Three roads lay open to her at that point. He had not even observed whether she turned to the right hand or the left in the Faubourg. There was but slender hope, then, if (as was plainly the case) she was bent on eluding him. Still he lingered there. He looked into every shop; entered those where he could not see from the outside. He surveyed every house from rez de chaussée to roof; and when he, at length, gave it up in sheer hopelessness, he only persuaded himself to do so by feeling assured that Henriette would write. But how he cursed his folly in prating nonsense to that *bonne*. It may be Henriette had heard, and in that case would have reason to shun him in very scorn. How true a picture is this of youthful folly rebuked

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by repentance! We lower ourselves to a thousand forms of flunkeyism, conform to innumerable rules of folly whereto, perhaps, we have no inclination, but it is 'the thing' to subscribe to them; and then uprises some queenly shape, some olden memory it may be, though time-tried and changed, like poor Henriette, and, with all its majesty living through its changed condition, shames us back to ourselves, by showing how deeply we have fallen.

He was not disappointed in his hope that Henriette would write. He received a letter the next morning, though it did little to enlighten him, or relieve his anxiety. Without date or address affixed, it ran thus—

'For your forbearance this morning I thank you, and feel sure I need not do more than ask you to continue it. Do not seek to

learn my abode or my history. Each is miserable. I am alone, and earning my bread. To cruelty and villany, he whose name I shall never utter or write more, has at length added the kindness of leaving me. I could bear my own blow with a calmness to which I have for years been training myself, and which I have heretofore had to exercise more largely than you are, or ever will be, aware of. As far as my own sufferings and indignities are concerned, I could return and look society in the face again, but Herbert's fearful fall has ruined everything. I know not how you and he stand to each other, so will say no more on this head, but you can readily understand how I—the sister who was so proud of him—feel for his voluntary disgrace. Pardon this long letter; it is my farewell to you and to the world. I am

about to adopt a course which I believe you would approve, as an antidote for these sorrows and shames that seem to have come down so thickly and so suddenly upon us all, but the very efficacy of that course lies in its secrecy. Farewell, then ! for memories of olden times, farewell !

‘ HENRIETTE.’

‘Mystery upon mystery !’ soliloquised Philip, as he laid down Henriette’s letter, and strove to feel and act philosophically, having the fear of disturbed *bequem* before his eyes. ‘How has Herbert been disgracing himself? He certainly told me Gregory had ousted him somewhat unceremoniously from St. Simon’s; but I know full well it must be something vastly deserving the name for Henriette Osborne to write—to me above all men—of Herbert’s “disgrace.” Ah ! Katie

Franklyn's confession. Was that the mystery?  
"That would be scanned."

So out he went to pace the streets and scan the secret. Putting this and that together, a process which he had not hitherto done, because obliged to centralise so much of thought on himself, he felt no doubt where the truth lay, though he scarcely imagined the extent, until he recalled Henriette's strong expression, and finally despatched a letter to Taylor, whereto he received a prompt reply, detailing the whole truth, and inquiring very anxiously into the state of Philip's opinions and plans for the future.

His fussy little friend's letter was so warm and so utterly free from the excitement and mystification that seemed to encircle all Philip's friends and acquaintances, as well as himself; it spoke so touchingly of Herbert,

so far more touchingly of Katie — was so silent, yet firm in his condemnation of their guilt; and, finally, it expressed so deep an anxiety about Philip himself, that he determined that very evening to sit down and write a long reply to Taylor, which should answer his inquiries with that minuteness which they so well deserved.

That day, however—and now we become actually historical, and must be ‘particular in dates’—that 3rd of January, 1857, he had made up his mind to attend the solemn procession at the church of St. Etienne du Mont. He did so, and saw the Archbishop of Paris assassinated by Louis Jean Verger. From that day to the 30th, when Verger expiated his guilt on the scaffold, Philip shared the intense excitement which filled the heart of every dweller in the French metropolis. The awful

disclosures as to the morals of the clergy, which were whispered in an undertone, and too truly confirmed by the suppression of Verger's witnesses at his trial, suddenly stopped and startled him in his South Italy schemes. Crimes at whose enormity one would not hint, and which were, probably, never mentioned on this side the Channel, during the course of that *cause célèbre*, the Procès-Verger, were openly—and Philip felt after patient examination too truly—affirmed to be practised by those priests who assumed to themselves the guidance of a nation's—nay the world's—morals. With the wretched and foolish assassin, Philip could feel no sympathy. His thoroughly un-English mode of redressing the enormous injuries he had no doubt received, placed him out of the pale of commiseration. But effects arose out of this



seemingly unlikely cause which appeared to lift it above the range of ordinary events, into a special Providence in the case of Philip Paternoster. The excitement which he felt, even more than the general populace, prevented his writing his proposed letter to Taylor for a long while, since the natural consternation caused by such a startling catastrophe, and involving questions so grave in their reference to every man, woman, or child, who came in any way under clerical influence, was, in Philip's case, increased by the fact that he was there for the special purpose of looking into, and probing the doctrines, ritual, and morality of Catholicism. To him, then, this event, though happening on a foreign soil, and between two alien priests, was still a turning-point in life. But let him tell his own story, for which purpose

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a third letter shall be quoted—the long-deferred epistle to Henry Taylor. And this, again, the biographer will venture to endorse, according to the general scope of its contents, thus, ‘On the Tendencies of Tractarianism.’

But as the letter about to be quoted amounts well nigh to a separate discussion, in its virtual absence of connection with the narrative part of this which—we must not forget—is a tale; it will be better to insert it in a separate chapter, so that orthodox story-readers (if any have penetrated thus far) may skip the interpolated discussion, and speed on to the rapidly-approaching end of this strange eventful history.

## CHAPTER IX.

## ON THE TENDENCIES OF TRACTARIANISM.

‘ MY DEAR TAYLOR,

‘ I am no longer a Puseyite !

‘ Now don’t put this letter aside and exclaim, “ There goes flighty old Phil ! ” or tell me I am

“ Everything by turns, and nothing long.” .

‘ For once, in my madcap life, I have acted—am acting—on very carefully elaborated principles ; and I am going to devote the whole of what I hope you will not consider a very

prosy letter to prove to you that my change is not one of impulse, but of conviction.

‘The position behind which I used to entrench myself when you, and a good many like you, used to tell me that, in the Tractarian path, I was on the high-road to Rome, was, you will remember, this : I said that I could well understand your own, or their own, personal, private, individual objections to a form of worship which appealed strongly to the senses. But, I argued, on the other hand, your objections are my predilections. That which impedes your devotion, assists mine—assists that of hundreds and thousands of people in the Church of England. The existence, then, of a school inside the pale of that Church which provides these sensible stimuli to devotion—far from driving men to Rome is calculated to keep them in the Church

of England. Why should they go to Rome, if they get what they want in England?

‘ This, as I have said, was my earliest theory of Tractarianism. At first, as you know, the thing came spontaneously. I was a Puseyite because some of my friends were ; and also (I grieve to add) because some of the rest of my acquaintance were *not*. In a word, it was “the thing,” and I took it up. But presently this passed away, and I had to feel my ground. The above was, I fancied, a very solid standing-place. I was determined to be quite orthodox ; made the Reformation my basis ; and claimed that as the Church of England’s protest against exclusiveness. From that time she was to be comprehensive—“Catholic” in that sense. The freedom of withdrawing from Rome, which was claimed on your side, I conceded. But I claimed, on

mine, the right indefinitely to approach her. Thus I read the injunction to be all things to all men, so that by all means some may be saved.

‘ Of course what applied to ritual applied to doctrine also. If I took the Romish Gregorian, and adapted it to the English Psalter, I would also take her institution of confession—only “Anglicising” it—for instance, removing the compulsion, and making it not periodical, but purely voluntary and spontaneous.

‘ When you, as you said, “enstasized” me by showing that numbers *had* gone over from Anglo-Catholicism to Roman Catholicism, you know I used to answer you in two ways; either to grow statistical, and say very few had gone; or else to quote that exceedingly convenient adage, “Exceptio probat regulam.”

‘Such was my Anglo-Catholic theory. I sincerely believed it a true one from the time I first took orders up to the close of my ministrations at S. Simon Stylites. I began to have my doubts just then; and those doubts have been more than increased, they have passed into counter-conviction long since. That is, remember, (for I wish to be careful not to jump at conclusions) I have become convinced that the doctrine of Tractarianism being a safeguard for the Church of England is false. Whether Rome or England be the true Church must *pro tem.* be considered an open question.

‘On looking back I find my reasoning to have been something as follows:—

‘If a man becomes addicted to opium-eating (a fair instance of a “sensible stimulus”) and you put him in a position where he can

command ten drops a day, he will be sure not to wish to change that position even though he discovers another where a hundred or a thousand drops per diem are guaranteed.

‘ Very well, then. That position was to be given up. I assure you, Taylor, I was, and I believe those who argue thus are, thoroughly sincere. We do for awhile on our ten drops, but are sure, sooner or later, to crave for the hundred. Since, then, I could no longer view the Tractarian party as the bulwark of the English church, I would even see how it looked regarded as the transition point to Rome.

‘ So earnest was I in my pursuit of truth that I was not in the least shocked at this alternative. “If England be the depository of the truth, England be it,” I said. “If Rome, Rome.”

‘ I then—this was close on the period of



my quitting S. Simon's, and formed one of my many reasons for so doing—looked on Tractarianism rather as the germ of the truth than the truth itself. But still, I would take nothing on trust. I would come out here and see the truth, if such it should be, in full flower. Should the inspection warrant me, I would embrace it. In the other case fruit, flower, and germ must go together; for—this it is which I would now insist upon—I feel that each—that is, that Tractarianism and Catholicism—must stand or fall together.

‘I can't help wishing people would more habitually feel their way as I have done, and argue as I am doing. Why in the world do folks lose their temper about it? I went on a very wrong tack; but I honestly believe I was half put upon it by hearing people abuse the Oxford and Roman schools indiscrimi-

nately. I am sure I should never have made the dispassionate examination I have, if I had had a zealous friend at my elbow to point out all the defects my own examination has detected. Depend upon it there's nothing so useful to a bad book or a bad school of morals as promiscuous abuse.

‘ The two points, then, which I principally had to establish, when I came out here, were

1. ‘ Is the Romish church the perfection of that system of sensible stimuli by which men are won ?

2. ‘ To *what* are they won ? (This latter being the grand question, of course.)

‘ In the former place I must set down here what I am sure is the truth ; though I cannot remember ever to have seen it stated, Romanism as a fact is *not* pretty or attractive. ‘ The full development of these sensible stimuli

seems to me to prove that there may be too much of a pretty thing as well as of a good thing. The exquisite blending of red and white in the hawthorn flower or peach blossom is beautiful ; but their undue development in the hollyhock, peony, or tulip, is not *more* beautiful. Far from it. Depend upon it we concede a great deal too much when we grant that the Catholics—Roman Catholics, you know, I mean—absorb the “beautiful” in religion. Their mass is overdone. Their multiplied altars mar the separate effect of each. There is everywhere an *embarras de richesses*.

‘ Still, as a fact, there they are ; and a mind which has once yielded itself to the sway of sense-blandishments is sure to be attracted by them. For myself they palled upon my palate at once. This may be an idiosyncrasy.

I cannot tell. But I have no reason to believe myself to be more sensitive than my neighbours ; and I cannot imagine a mind of the least pretensions to refinement being dazzled by the palpably meretricious externals of Catholicism.

‘ This is opening up new ground I know. But, upon my honour, it were better, for the mere sake of the “sense” part of the business, to rest in Tractarianism (if that be possible) than to journey on to the next stage—Rome.

‘ But, then, to *what* is it that Rome would win men ? I dare not go into this question. I would not for the world speak acrimoniously. But now that I have been for many months, with eyes and ears open, in a Catholic metropolis, I can understand that solemn old tradition that has come down from our fore-

fathers that Romanism is bad. I will only say, Taylor, that morality seems to have no place in the scheme. A formal system of Aves, Paternosters, prostrations, and masses, and life may go unregulated. This it is that has shocked and repelled me. My turn of mind is one that would never have turned away from Mariolatry, or a sevenfold sacramental system, or in fact any speculative doctrine. But it is all the more sensitive on the score of morality. And the secret of this absence of morality I trace but too clearly to the influence of that which is the key to the whole system—the confessional.

‘Such being the secret of the Catholic doctrine of direction, I perceive at once that it never can be moulded into the English system. It must be this: either the man must stand as a man, and strive and pray to become God-

like, or he must wear for ever the leading-strings of the child, and so become—as he necessarily must—stunted and dwarflike in the nobler portion of his nature, wherein he *ought* to be like God.

‘ It does indeed seem as though a special revelation had been granted to me by my being here on the spot during the course of the Procès-Verger. It has opened sources of information which must have else been dark. And from all that it has brought to my knowledge, I feel firmly convinced of this, that, before a man joins the Church of Rome, he must be able to say (as we used to do at college) that he doesn’t “*go in for morals.*”

‘ Such, then, though in very faint outline, is a sketch of the process I myself have gone through. I do seem indeed to have had a severe warning, both in what I have here set

down for you, and also in poor Herbert Osborne's terrible error, to take good heed how I swerve from that favourite path of yours, which I used to laugh at you so about, the *via media*.

‘What I should like to do, if you will let me, is to come to England, and spend some time with you. I have much to talk over; and shall have to reckon upon you to a very large extent in certain provisions which I am about to make, both with a view to the future, and also, as far as may be, to remedy wrongs done in the past. All this, however, I will defer until we meet; and shall only be too glad if I have, without wearying, convinced you that I have some sort of principle in the position I laid down as the text of this very sermon-like letter—I am no longer a Puseyite.

‘Ever yours,

‘P. P.’

## CHAPTER X.

### THE SADDEST OF ALL.

‘ ——— has refused, Herbert?’

‘ Curse him, yes.’

‘ Did you go to any one else?’

‘ To a dozen. Wasted my time, breath, and patience on twelve publishers of cheap literature. One said, that my subject was too heavy, another too light; one had his hands full, another said he never purchased manuscripts. If I had a dozen sons I’d make



half of them lawyers, and the other half publishers.

At this point Herbert waxed blasphemous.

Having at length solaced himself by prophesying the speedy ruin of every London publisher through the agency of an Authors' Printing and Publishing Society (limited), which he assured Katie was one of the necessities of the century, and having consigned his MS. to the fire as a type of the good wishes he was pouring out for the souls of all connected with the printing, publishing, or selling of books, he next turned his attention to the academical institutions of the country, tossing a letter to Katie—

‘Read that.’

Katie did so, and let fall the document with a blank look of despair. Herbert Os-

borne's present mode of life had by some means transpired. He was deprived of his fellowship, and they were in consequence utterly destitute of resources.

‘ Never mind, Katie, we’re not dead beaten yet. Send the girl for another bottle of brandy. I have a right to live : if I can live by fair means, I will do so ; if not I will live by foul. While there is a swell mob I *will* not starve.’

He was beginning to rave, and Katie was fearful the house would be alarmed. She summoned the servant hastily, and bade her get some brandy, as Mr. Osborne was ill.

‘ If I *do* die on a dunghill—as there seems some probability—it will be strange if I do not drag somebody down with me.’

‘ Herbert, who could you drag down except me ?’

‘ Why haven’t I a lot of “ genteel ” relatives as you have? Couldn’t I manage to fabricate a grievance against them, for instance? I could not die happy unless I rasped some one.’

‘ Herbert, don’t talk of dying. We are in straits, it is true, but remember it’s our own fault—my fault if you will—be the blame mine. I am sure I will work as a governess, or in any way I can. Here, here’s the brandy. Draw the cork, Mary, and give me the cold water. There, darling, is what you call a *stiff ’un*. Drink it off; your work has over-tired you.’

This was for the benefit of the servant.

The rest of that day was quiet, but gloomy, and everything seemed to contain within it the elements of a crash, like a great, still heavy thunder-cloud up in the leaden sky.

The east wind blew, and Herbert cursed that at intervals, letting off his oaths like minute-guns every time it moaned through the key-hole, or crept round his legs and shoulders.

Dinner revived matters a little. The sun burst out transiently from the rain-clouds. The bottle of brandy was finished.

Siesta and tea followed, and then down came the clouds again. Herbert tried to write: the ink was bad, the pen no better; and he damned these to his heart's content. His morbid irritability was culminating. Katie hastened on the crisis by a passive dogged attitude of despair, which had become habitual to her. After the fiftieth elegant expletive on the part of her companion, she gave the *coup de grâce* to his ill humour by saying—

‘Do you know what I have been thinking, Herbert?’

‘It would be rather remarkable if I did,’ he replied, sullenly.

‘I have been wondering how long it will be before you curse *me*, if you ‘go on at this rate.’

‘Then I’ll at once solve your doubts for you. Curse *you* too.’ And the ruffian snatched his hat and rushed down stairs and out into the blackness, Iscariot-like.

It had fallen at last—the blow she had so long expected. She was only surprised it had not been an actual physical blow. As it was it crushed her. She did not cry; did not scream after Herbert to return. She sat passionless and pale as a ghost; sat and looked in the cold white face of the pure life she had left behind—and for this!

Herbert Osborne walked forward heedlessly, madly. Against a blinding sleet he fought, and seemed to revel in facing it. He crossed dark fields, crisp with frost and newly-fallen rime. By-and-by he emerged upon suburban streets, and tradesmen greeted him with a hasty good evening, as they closed their shops and rushed inside to huddle over bright coal fires. He entered a chemist's, and said abruptly—

‘ Powell, I want some laudanum.

‘ Excuse me, sir, but—’

‘ Oh yes, I know ; you mean what do I want it for. Well, not for suicide just yet, at all events. Things are bad, Powell, but not quite so bad as to necessitate suicide, you know—not quite so bad as that. Ha ha !’

He laughed too much for him. He was not

wont to indulge in superfluous mirth. But the man fell in with his humour, and laughed too.

‘No; don’t give me enough for self-slaughter, lest I may be tempted, you know.’ He acted better this time, and did not overdo his mirth. ‘No, Powell, the fact is I’ve a horrible tooth, which has not let me wink the last two nights. Just give me enough for a sleeping draught, or I shall be unfit for work to-morrow.’

‘Why not let me extract the tooth, sir?’ said Powell, as he got down the black nepenthe-bottle.

‘Thank you; not if I know it. No sledgehammer work for me; I’ve too much respect for my jaws. You needn’t dilute the laudanum, I can do that. I’ve flirted with the black charmer before now. There. How

much? Good night. Thank your stars you haven't got my walk over the fields.'

The man of drugs bade his boy put up the shutters, and remarked incidentally to his wife that he should not have slept comfortably if he had given young Osborne enough of the narcotic to do him harm; 'for whether it was his tooth or not, I don't know, but he looked very wild about the eyes.'

Happy ignorance! Had he only been aware that the same little conference had taken place at his neighbour's (and opponent's) over the way, and that Osborne was just leaving that rival establishment with a second unsuspecting modicum of Lethe, he might not have slept so comfortably after all.

The process was repeated at some eight or ten shops; and, having purchased enough poison to supply a suicide-party of four or



five, Herbert further invested in a penny bottle ; stood under a gas lamp, and poured the contents of all the little phials into this. As the final drop of the dark poppy-juice trickled into its destination (*pro tem.*), he pelted the last little bottle at its heap of comrades on the ground, pocketed his treasure and exclaimed—

‘ There’s a panacea, at all events.’

He then supped ; his *convives* were of those who need no second invitation—if even a first. With them he quaffed the creaming champagne-cup. With them he visited haunt after haunt of so-called ‘pleasure.’ He acted Alcestis on the eve of her death, bidding farewell to the scenes of life. The night grew small, and so did his funds. They were the last coins he and Katie had in the world. He spent them all. Setting aside one single

crown to carry him home, he offered up the last small heap a mad sacrifice on the shrine of riot and dissipation. And so he departed, amid the drunken plaudits of a group of Bacchantes. Even some of these were almost human enough to have misgivings at the tone in which he bade them good bye, and drank to their next merry meeting—in Hades.

‘What, Katie! Not gone to bed?’

She was sitting in the very same position as he had left her. The fire had burnt out, the lamp was low. His final curse seemed to have petrified her. She looked worn: she looked *old*. The latter was about the worst thing she could do just then: for it was a proceeding which curdled Herbert’s slight portion of the milk of human kindness.

‘No, Herbert.’

‘Now, Katie,’ he continued in a dry sen-

tentious tone, which was meant to be—and was—exceedingly aggravating; ‘don’t try to do the gambler’s wife. You know you might have had a cozy supper and gone to bed quite comfortably. You chose to sit up, and you have an undoubted right to follow your own inclinations.’

One—two—heavy, dull, listless tears stole out from behind her red lids and plashed on the table.

Herbert took the chamber candle he had brought up with him, and examined them microscopically.

‘You’re crying. Well, things do look bad certainly; but we shall not improve them by sulking or quarrelling. We have not a shilling to keep us from starving; nor—to be honest—do I see the means of getting one. What remains, then? Slender commons and a

scolding landlady. A precious prospect, indeed. Would it not be better, think you, Katie, to make the "great experiment" hand in hand? At least we could not change for the worse.'

It was not the first time he had proposed mutual suicide to her. Even in days when he said he loved her, he had often held out this as the happiest fate that could befall two human beings situated as they were—to die together, ere they should outlive love or one another; and so, as he said, make the grand experiment together; together overcross the shadowy demarcation-line, and wake from their sleeping, (if waking there should be) to whatever fate, at least together.

But she answered him now, as she answered him then, though now more firmly, since her sins had thickened upon her, and since, too,

the proposal was no longer one of mistaken affection, but formally put as the last refuge of despair—she answered,

‘ No. I have flown in God’s face here, but I will not fly in His face on the other side the grave. What He sends me to suffer I will suffer——’

‘ Very well ; do, then. I WILL NOT. And now drop the *sœur de charité*. A truce to texts, if you please.’

His last waking words were ‘ Don’t be surprised then if I leave you in the lurch one of these fine days.’

And she kissed his heavy eyelids as she said,

‘ Changed as you are, Herbert, I do not believe it has come to that yet.’

It had, though. Those heavy eyelids opened no more.

Katie never slept. She watched the dead

man slumbering tranquilly, as the tardy winter's dawn shed its struggling twilight in the little apartment ; and it was not until she brought breakfast to the bedside at noon, and touched his hand, now icy cold and stiffened, that she found she had lain the night through beside a corpse.

The old cynical smile was there, as though he would have said, ' Ha, ha, I've beaten you, Katie.'

She was shocked, but not for long. She soon relapsed into her former marble impassiveness. There was a bustle and a nine days' wonder in the neighbourhood. At last, an enlightened British jury decided that the deceased had laboured under temporary insanity, and the parish interred his corpse in consecrated ground.

If one could only have looked inside the

coffin, when the words 'in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to life' were being read!

Katie pawned her few remaining jewels; paid the landlady and tradespeople—and went forth a pale, penniless, gray-haired woman!

Whither?

## CHAPTER XI.

## SHADOWS OF COMING EVENTS.

SPIRIT of G. P. R. James! guide our pen, as it writes the sequel of this story!

On an evening of early spring, two travellers were seen wending their way along a road which led to one of those beautiful villages for which the West of England is famous. The day had been warm, the wind having recently shifted to the south-west, after an obstinate inclination of some two months' duration to the east, and all nature, animate and inanimate, seemed to be setting



itself diligently to the task of making preparations for summer. Spangles of green dotted over the huge outlines of giant elms, like the elegant morning costume which gave an earnest of the splendour that should be assumed when the long-expected one came at mid-day; whilst the smaller trees, prodigals as they were, had already put on their full dress, and the hawthorn-hedges were even now taking out the buds and blossoms from their jewel-caskets. Birds were loud in their eulogiums on the advantageous situations they had obtained for their nests—warranted to defy the keenest-eyed schoolboy—or were even now engaged in the more serious discussion of matrimonial prospects and the education of their future offspring.

Our travellers could not but be infected with the charm of the scene, though their

spirits, or at least the spirits of one of them, were hardly up to concert pitch, or in unison with the rest of nature. It seemed that the clouds which were clearing away from animated things had left man the longest enveloped; even as mists wreath the mountain-top whilst the valley basks in sunshine. It bethinks us, however, we have not yet described our wayfarers. We hasten to be orthodox.

The two pedestrians were nearly of an age; that age being, as far as one may guess, twenty-five or six. Whether there be any antecedent necessity that the personages of a novel introduced under present circumstances should always be, 'one tall and slender, the other short, thick-set, and compactly built,' we know not. We have, however, seen the physical contrast portrayed more than once;

yet, at the risk of plagiarism, we must re-write it. One *was* tall and slender; the other was stout, short, and thick-set. The latter, who was also the merrier of the two, was a thorough, though rather diminutive specimen of the genus John Bull, and wore in his outer man several characteristics of the species 'country curate.' He had not, it is true, the customary badge of the white cravat, but his garments were black, and his neck encircled with one of those check cotton ties much affected by country squires and metropolitan journeyman carpenters.

His companion was in many, if not most respects, the very antithesis of himself, and, in the hands of a fashionable three-volume-monger, would be likely to turn out a very promising personage indeed. From beneath a felt hat, which answered every purpose of

the romantic *sombrero*, a luxuriant mass of sable hair flowed artistically over his shoulders, and a magnificent moustache and beard served at once to awaken in the mind of the spectator the question, 'Is their possessor a Crimean officer, a fiddler, or a foreign refugee?' His tall form, which lost something of its majestic height by a slight stoop, was clothed in a loose coat of light material, which descended below the knees and was elaborately braided. Altogether, he was just the sort of man who comes on the stage in a melodrama, when the heroine is settling down cosily with a slow-coach swain, and spoils everything.

'Things begin to look familiar, don't they?' observed the more diminutive of our personages.

The reply of the other was monosyllabic.

'Though I have only been here once before, yet I recognise many objects. Verily I believe the hedges have forborne to grow, or the flowers to fade, during your absence. Everything seems so thoroughly the same. I'll vow that chaffinch was twittering—he flatters himself he's *singing*—on that identical spray the last time I travelled this road, when my boots were considerably newer than they are now. 'Gad, I wish they were half as conservative; they'd be much better adapted to a curate's infinitesimal income—

' But, alas; thou'rt not immortal;  
If thou wert, how well thou'dst suit  
The state of my finances,  
My gallant, going boot !'

With an urgent petition for a minute's breathing-space as they reached the summit of the hill they had for the last hour been scaling, the merry little Falstaff of a traveller

cast himself on the sward by the road-side, and vowed he was a miserable sinner, and had broken the tenth Commandment irremediably all that day by coveting and desiring his companion's long legs.

That companion heard him not. He was gazing down from the hill into the peaceful valley beneath. He remembered the time when he had thus stopped to gaze years since. Reader, hast thou ever looked on thy old home after long years of absence, and did it not seem strange to thee that so little change had come over it? Thou hast altered so much, it would seem that should have changed too. But no! there it is, as far as thou canst see, the same as when thy back turned upon it. Births, deaths, and marriages will have varied the history written on those familiar pages when thou comest near

enough to read them. But, gazing on the pages themselves, on the binding—so to say—and lettering of that dear old volume wherein half thine own life-history lies written, all looks the same as when the pens of recording angels first enrolled thy name there, and wrote of thee, a tiny wailing child, that a man was born into that little world !

It was the gazer's old home—not his home of boyhood, but sanctified by some remembrances even yet more sacred than those which hallow childhood's abode. Philip Paternoster looked anxiously, tearfully down on that quiet tiny village, so fruitful to him in events—Flowerfield.

Having allowed him some few minutes' quiet inspection, Taylor—for we may now upraise the visor from all parties—stood by his side, and chirped out blithely:—

‘ There it is, ladies and gentlemen, a true, full, and correct panoramic view of the romantic region of the Champs des Fleurs. In the centre you observe the church, a fine old gothic edifice, &c. &c.; on the left is the rectory-house, an object calculated to awaken intense envy in the breasts of beholding curates; close by, in the same direction, is the untenanted cottage of one who used to overflow with his eloquence (*and* Gregorians) the desert wastes of yon church’s pews. (They’ve got a fire in your old box, Phil—*par parenthèse.*) And on the extreme right is Mellifont Abbey, the seat of Edward Walford, Esq., J. P., one of the most influential gentlemen in the county, &c. &c.’—

‘ If one could only look inside’—

‘ One would, I doubt not, behold that most bucolic of squires snoring after his dinner,



whilst the fair hands of his daughter—(ladies and gentlemen—

“He had but one daughter—an uncommon fine young gal”)—

Whilst the hands of this Dinah of the present day officiated at the tea-pot. But come on. Let us to yon hospitable village. Imagination passes into reality in the way of a certain most unromantic hunger, which oppresses me, as I contemplate that dozing squire’s prospect of a comfortable tea.’

Taylor was slightly wrong in his clairvoyance. The squire had on that day broken through what was ordinarily his

‘Custom always of an afternoon,’

and was wide awake, closeted with Mr. Mason in his study at the rectory, comparing letters which each had received from Taylor, in his

capacity of apologist for that erst erratic friend of his, Philip Paternoster.

‘It appears to me,’ said Mr. Walford, whose voice and countenance betrayed the most intense anxiety, ‘that whatever line we take—you and I, I mean—we must take in common. I am not surprised that you are slow to credit that reformation which Taylor’s letter here represents as so entire. Perhaps I should be less inclined to come round, or to receive Hebe’s assurance of this Mr. Taylor’s credibility, were it not for the knowledge I have that, notwithstanding all that is past, my poor girl’s feelings are utterly unchanged.

‘Mason,’ he continued, and tears trickled down the furrows which time had made in the old man’s face,—‘I never thought much what angels must be like, until I saw that dear girl bear up as she has done during her

long, strange, heavy trial. Never one word of repining; never even one look or murmur of complaint. To me she has been cheerful as ever, though I know her heart has been fit to burst.—But I will not bother you with these matters: you have been sufficiently annoyed already. All I ask is, can you—not for his sake, but for mine and Hebe's—receive Paternoster back as your curate? Of course I presuppose that the account given of him in these letters of Mr. Taylor's shall be verified by his behaviour during that course of probation which both you and I have a right to demand of him.'

Mr. Mason's somewhat tardy assent was given contemporaneously with the arrival of our travellers, weary and footsore, at the curate's old home; where Meggie refreshed the inner man, whilst the more important

affairs of the outer were thus being settled in solemn deliberation.

‘There is a ring at the front-door bell: that is probably Taylor himself;’ said Mr. Mason, after a prolonged conversation. ‘He is to arrive, without fail, this evening.’

Taylor came, more fussy than ever, and thoroughly nervous at prospect of the difficult task he had to perform. He did it, though, and well. He told them how the storm-beaten dove longed to return to the ark of peace. That was a bit of rhetoric he had been cherishing for weeks past. He assured them his friend had at last grown up from boyhood to manhood. He had read his heart, like a written scroll unrolled before him, and he told them (what, after all, was gospel truth) that, amid all Philip’s eccentricities, love for Hebe had lived; and shame—perhaps a foolish

shame—had alone delayed his advances, or rather had kept him from that retrograde step he longed to take. Then he put forward prominently the fact that, amidst all his follies, no actual vice had ever been laid to Philip's charge. Solemnly protesting against wronging the dead, he would merely ask them whether Paternoster had not been rather led than acting of his own free-will.

‘ Indeed, my dear sir,’ he concluded, addressing Mr. Walford individually, ‘ I believe there is that in existence which will establish my friend's innocence to the satisfaction of all. Amongst Herbert Osborne's papers was found one roll of MS. which seemed to have been sealed up some short time only before his awful death, and which was directed to Philip, to be read by him in presence of Miss Walford only, and in the wood at Flowerfield.

He seemed to have no doubt that they would meet, and that matters would be righted ; for he made no provision for the MS. in case of a contrary result.

‘ I will only say, in conclusion of this long speech—to you, Mr. Mason, as a brother clergyman—and to Mr. Walford, whom I know to have been grievously wronged in his dearest relations—that, were I not thoroughly convinced of Philip Paternoster’s being an altered man, I would die sooner than plead his cause thus to you.’

Mr. Walford and the rector then informed him of the determination to which they had come, viz., that Philip should be re-instated in his curacy, and allowed to renew his engagement with Hebe ; and asked whether he thought a formal probation would be objected to.

‘On the contrary, both he and I should have ourselves proposed it.’

‘Is he—is Philip here?’ asked Mr. Walford, with agitation.

‘He is, sir. I left him at his house, where he now awaits in agony your decision.’

Wrong again, friend Taylor. Most plodding of country curates, wrong. Nay, take the proffered glass of sherry. Say not you must be gone to the anxious one. Dear innocent Jumpy, when you entered the rectory, a romantic figure, cloak-swathed, and sombrero-shrouded, passed to the abbey. Heedless of the alarm of the servants, who saw at least Rush the assassin in that somewhat suspicious exterior, he pressed on to the room where instinct told him Hebe was. The sombrero and cloak thrown aside, he entered in the garb of auld lang syne—shaven

cheek and chin—coat elongated—collar erect—once more the Philip Paternoster who had plighted his troth in the summer wood, he held in his arms her to whom that faith had been given. No scream of surprise—no resistance to signing or sealing, Hebe simply said,—‘ Philip, I knew you would come,’—and all the long months of pain and weary watching were over. There was a sense of relief as well as of actual joy. A load was gone from that little heart. She could once more *be* the happy girl that, for the sake of others, she had pretended to be. And all through that delicious hour of reunion, she could but keep repeating—

‘ Dearest, I knew you would come. I always told them so.’

‘ And that you should welcome me thus, after all that has taken place—’



—‘ You would never have surprised me, come when you might. I always said you would come in this way—’

It was true. Every footfall, those weary months through, had been to her ear his. Disappointments fell like hail around her, but they chilled her not. In her lived that miracle of hope which always will co-exist with love and faith. Hope so strong was scarce startled when it passed into fruition. So calm and dignified, so free from all that weak fluttering which marked its hour of success on earth shall the hope of the holy be, when it is realised in Heaven !

‘ All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow ;

All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing ;  
All the dull deep pain, and constant anguish of patience.’

Greater had been her trial than that of the

gentle Acadian maid ; for more difficult is it to sit still and nurse ‘ the quiet sense of something lost,’ than to be up and chasing that absent treasure, however wearily, through the world. But greater, too, her reward. They met, not in death, but in new—renewed—life. Love’s morning dawned for them afresh. It had been but a passing rain-cloud. It was gone.

And when this Gabriel and Evangeline parted, after their sweet short hour of reunion, it was with the utterance of that word which is love’s own alpha and omega—

‘ TO-MORROW !’

## CHAPTER XII.

## 'MURDERED FOR MONEY.'

'PROBATION'—according to the Flowerfield interpretation of the word—was decidedly not a bad sort of thing. In Philip Paternoster's case it simply signified doing nothing at all, and being handsomely paid, in the sterling coin of Hebe's priceless love, for doing it. He once more took possession of his old house, which had been all along retained, and Meggie had continued to occupy, as confident as Hebe herself in the speedy return of our hero simultaneously to his better mind and to Flowerfield. He took no clerical

duty, however ; nominally, because etiquette forbade him to interfere with the actual curate ; who, being a candid man, soon let out that he was only engaged as Philip's *locum tenens*. But in reality this abstinence from clerical work was the only piece of 'probation' he underwent ; and on this point the rector was inflexible. In actual fact, Philip was by his own consent suspended for three months ; and it came to be tacitly understood that his resumption of his former position would be contemporaneous with another event now looming in the distance ; in short, that he should preach his next sermon as a Benedict.

It was during the continuance of this state of things that Philip one day proposed to Hebe to break the string which bound their dead friend's MS. They did so ; and found

the narrative headed 'Murdered for money.' Its contents were as follows.

'My good old Phil, and bright friend Hebe. I venture to suppose you picturesquely grouped according to my direction in the braw old grove of Flowerfield. Rely upon it I shall be there with you. Having once transcended these absurd limitations of time, space, &c., which affect you poor folks in the body, I shall apprise myself of the moment when you propose to open this packet; and journey from whatever region of spirit-land I may be located in, to turn your charming duet into a trio. Have the goodness, then, to be as respectful in your remarks about me, as is consistent with common honesty and a regard for truth—'

'Strange being!' exclaimed Philip, laying down the MS. for a second. 'If his wish is

granted, and he is near us now, I am sure he may read my heart—'

'And mine,' answered Hebe, clinging more closely to Philip, at the idea of the dead man's proximity. 'I believe poor Herbert was more sinned against than sinning. But read on, Philip love.'

The next words might have been the spirit's rejoinder.

'With you two alone, of all living, do I wish to right myself. I have wronged you both, rather in intention than in act; but I anticipate your forgiveness; and should like, moreover, if I *can* see you, to be sure that the memory I leave with you is not altogether unkindly.

'I am writing this in the near prospect of death—death by my own hand. This will sound awful to you. To me it is not so. I

have long since held what is termed the "heathen" doctrine of the lawfulness of suicide. Life to me would have been, indeed, a curse had not the God who gave it to me placed the power of ending it in my own hands. But I will not stop to argue this point with you now. I doubt not that, in your new happy life, it will be impossible for you to realise the blessedness which consists in life's extinction. What I would rather do is, in so far as I may be able, *account* for the state of things which has given to my life that bias which renders an exchange from life to death eligible.

‘Mr. Walford and my father were fellow townsmen in a distant county, as Hebe knows. But—and this Hebe does not know—the fact of their being rival suitors for my mother’s hand separated them in early manhood with a

separation which death soon deepened awfully  
My mother died in giving little Ettie birth ;  
my father followed her to the grave as soon  
as he had bestowed the name of his beloved  
wife on his infant daughter. We were left  
alone in the world—little children. In the  
mean time the rejected suitor—your good  
father, Hebe—had risen in life, as the more  
favoured might have done too, had life been  
spared him. As it was, he was evidently  
taken by surprise ; for his affairs, though, not  
in the ordinary sense of the word embarrassed,  
were in a state of great confusion ; and, had  
not a friendly hand interposed, our little all  
would have gone in law expenses. That  
hand, however, was not wanting. It was  
stretched forth to save the little orphans for love  
of their dead mother. It was your father's  
hand, Hebe.'



‘ Dear old man !’ sobbed Hebe.

‘ Unseen—as angels are said to work,—that good man watched over us, educated us, provided for us. In due course of time I went to college (there *you* come into the history, Phil :) and, for a long time, whilst there, as well as afterwards on the continent, I was weak and foolish enough to stint myself and Henriette for the foolish pride of sending back our quarterly remittances and assuring our benefactor I was earning enough for our maintenance. By-and-by, he found out my silly fraud (which I have no doubt I flattered myself was a “ pious ” one) and, after I had taken my degree and got my fellowship, he settled me at Flowerfield. This portion of my biography I need recount neither to Hebe nor to you, old boy.

‘ In the interim, however, there had occurred

to me one of those passages in my history which can happen once, and only once, in a man's threescore years and ten ; passages which men ever are wont to lock up in their seared hearts, and only unbosom, as I am unbosoming now, from beyond the grave.

‘I loved. Remember how precocious *all* my life had been ; and you will not misdoubt me when I say that my love at twenty was more intense, more iron-handed in its sway over me than that of other men at middle age. It was a crisis of life or death. It has, as you see, turned out death—slow, lingering, long-deferred death.

I will not name her I loved, or give a clue to where she lived—and died—(mark that, Philip, and clasp dear Hebe to you) *and died!* I will only tell you she was pure and good ; beautiful enough, but nothing to rave about.

Look in Hebe's face Phil, and you will understand what I mean when I say she was one of those who would have made life all sunshine. She died : and left life a black night, without moon or star.

'She died. Had it been by natural means, as thousands have died before and since, I could have railed at destiny, and have done ; but she was killed. Her own father did the deed as truly, but not as nobly as Virginius in the bloody shambles. He killed his only child for gold. That is why I have called this narrative "Murdered for money."

'The man lives on, a hoary-headed and most respectable villain. It would be useless for me to name him ; for he still fancies he did the right thing in refusing his girl to a penniless fellow who lived by his wits. If she chose to die rather than give up her point,

that was her weakness. I believe to this hour the scoundrel looks on her death as a sort of dodge. But he chuckles as he thinks his money is safe after all ; eats, drinks, chinks his coin, and disgraces his white hairs. God ! shall such clods as this exist again on the other side the grave ! I shall have solved that problem, Phil, long before you read this. It may be that Louise, whom you never saw or heard of—dear Louise, with that placid pale face, as I saw her last of all human beings in her coffin—Louise will perhaps be hand in hand with me as we listen to you reading this.

‘What an idea ! Two lovers in the flesh and two spirit-lovers, making up one strange quartette. Do look well around, Phil, and see if no light shadow flecks the sunshine ; no tiny movement stirs the brake by your side.’

They could not but pause, and cast a fear-

ful look around, shivering even in that warm sunshine as they thought how close the unseen may be to them. But, as if to calm their apprehensions and assure them that, however close the contact, it must be impalpable, Nature appeared to be hushed in an almost unusual repose. Philip read on—

‘So they buried out of my sight that which had it been given to me might have made my life the very reverse of what it was ; for just then I felt my heart open to sensations to which it had been hitherto, and has been ever since, a stranger. The blow came ; and that heart closed up again, colder, harder, than ever. I chafed at man ; I would none of God. I saw Destiny, Fate, Chance—call it what you will—paramount over man, and I had played a losing game. My life was warped from that hour.

‘Hebe, listen you to my confession. I wished to marry you. I was not altogether the villain you may think me for doing so, although love was buried for me in the tomb where poor Louise lay sleeping. But I should have made an average husband perhaps. I fancied, and still believe, that at one time your father wished it. It is better as it is.

‘Phil, I had a match on the *tapis* for you. You and Henriette were to be mated. You were the only man I ever saw to whom I could have given her with unmingled pleasure. You threw my plans out horribly. I was angry. I schemed darkly. I failed. I am here. You have succeeded. Let that success prevent your thinking too hardly of me.

‘As for the closing scene of my career, in sooth I cannot account for it to self. I seemed to feel within me an uncontrollable

impulse to do all the ill whereof I was capable. I attribute this, in a great measure, to a secret visit I paid to the grave of Louise.

‘Honestly, between ourselves, I do not think that the verdict, which of *course* an enlightened jury will find with regard to me, will be altogether wrong. When a man sets down to himself as a rule of action,

“ Evil, be thou my good,”

in plain black and white, and acts upon it in the way I have been doing of late, I hold he is fairly entitled to a verdict of Temporary Insanity, and six feet of consecrated ground.

‘Thus, you see—and this is the moral which I would have you tack on to the history of the “naughty boy”—that some, at least, of the evil that has been done by me in the world, has been due to external circumstances.

My mind was precociously called into play, my heart prematurely chilled. I still hold to the belief (at least I've no doubt I shall when you read this), that I should have turned out very very differently, had not that vile man, with his money, stood in my way, and had not my poor Louise been "murdered for money."

'I shall add no silly prosings, though here were room for sermonising, were I so inclined. Do as you like with this scroll, burn it as a dangerous document, or keep it, and teach your first-born his letters from it, as a pleasing variety on the same theme as "Tommy and Harry."

'Finally—I should like you both to say audibly that you forgive me, just in case I may be there to hear. GOOD BYE.'

\* \* \* \*



‘I forgive him from my heart, all the ill he ever intended or did to me. Do not you, Hebe?’

‘O yes, yes, yes. I have nothing to forgive. He was always good to me.’

She hid her face—her pale, frightened, tear-stained face—in Philip’s lap, for, do what she would, she felt she was talking to the dead.

Philip put the MS. in his pocket, and they strolled home, sad and silent, that bright morning.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## SUBSTANTIALITIES.

SUMMER-SKIES without a cloud ; earth, from her green cornucopia, pouring out a peace-offering to heaven, whence the god-like sun smiles down acceptance of the sweet-savoured sacrifice ; whilst Creation's choir chants, in softest *pianissimo*, its benediction hymn. Claude skies, and Creswick landscape—all these sweet, yet substantial elements crowd into our present picture, whence shadows have well-nigh cleared away, that picture itself soon to fade like the rest ; for the writer's little

fantastic world types the real world around him ; from each do substance as well as shadow — personage — event — thrilling incident — elaborated catastrophe—diligently cast character—plot intricately woven—all pass away into one common oblivion, often literally leaving not a wrack behind !

To-day, like Nature, man keeps holiday. Since morning wept its earliest dew-tears, groups of maidens have been scouring the fields flower-laden, and loudly laughing, whilst bumpkin Adonises have persecuted these not altogether ethereal beauties with their ponderous attentions. Evidently, there is that abroad in the flowery fields this morning, some influence, powerful, though impalpable, which makes the youthful ones of that sequestered spot feel strangely hymeneal.

And now the bells catch the contagion and

ring madly. Sweet Flowerfield bells which rang the prelude of this wordy strain of ours, ring out its closing chords with ecstasy. From the ivied tower, whose antique exterior spoke of age and decrepitude, pealed forth lusty songs of unexpected power, as a hearty pæan sung by stalwart greybeards!

For some time past, the object of common resort has been the church. Have the Flowerfieldians grown ecclesiastical? Has Tractarianism at length leavened the lump of that unsensitive village? Radiating from the classic shades of Christchurch, Oxon, has the subtle influence permeated thus far? May we expect to behold Mr. Mason a dry Bone, or Hodge developed into a provincial Thunderer? Really, it would seem not improbable, if one may judge by a peep in at yon church porch. The building is a mass of floral

decoration, that looks as though it had walked bodily across the county from Frome Selwood, where it had been got up by Bennett and his property-people in person.

Surely, good Mr. Mason has been acting the sluggard with a vengeance. Thorns have, at all events, grown up over that little ecclesiastical parterre of his — Flowerfield church. The pulpit and reading-desk—they are a mass of hawthorn, so luxuriant in its bloom that it looks as though an eccentric snow-storm had fallen there, and refused to melt at any price. Decidedly, if Mr. Mason has to officiate either in pulpit or reading pew to-day, he must climb up a tree to do it, and will probably look very much like Jack in the Green, when he gets there.

But a certain *Morning Post* sort of smack about the decorations, due in a measure

to the large admixture therewith of white satin streamers, tells us at once they will not require Mr. Mason to mount pulpit or desk, but to confine his ministrations to another locality; and that the garniture aforesaid belongs rather to a social than ecclesiastical festival, may be inferred from the presence of Jumpy Taylor, who is doing what he can to make the Communion Table resemble a chapel of Maia in a Temple of Sylvanus. No better proof of orthodoxy; for Taylor has seen enough to give him a wholesome horror of titivated saint's days, or 'Catholic' floriculture in any sense. Bulldog specimen of anti-Catholic England that he is! Doesn't he look as though he were internally repeating a protest against all hagiology save that of pagan Hymen, whilst he is helping Molly the dairymaid strip the thorns from the may-

boughs, just where the young couple would have to kneel.

— Good fellow ! He is making no protest of the sort. He is sending up from his honest heart as fervent a prayer as ever went straight to God's throne, that his present work may be an allegory of that he had so long been engaged in, and was now, this festive morn, to see completed—the work of stripping from his friend's path those thorns which had once strewn it so thickly, and which he had been so instrumental in removing.

If he stayed in the church after all else had left it, it was not *only* to give a last look at, or a finishing stroke to, his morning's labour. But he was not one of those who trumpet forth prayers or acts of kindness. It was in the solemn silence of that little church, in all its virgin purity, and with locked doors, that

Taylor's thanks and prayers were poured out—thanks that his work had so far seen success ; prayers that no subsequent changes may chequer that joy which was now so universal.

‘ Well, Phil, and how is the courage ? ’ said the little man, as he entered the curate's sitting-room, where he found our hero *en grande tenue*, and quite ready for the sacrifice. ‘ Did other proofs fail, there is one which, to me at least, would be all-convincing, because afforded by dame Nature, that Destiny never meant you to be an Anglo-Catholic priest. ’

‘ What's that ? ’

‘ The fecundity of those exuberant whiskers. We returned here in incipient Spring, and you saw fit, on that occasion, to scrape your visage into a fac-simile of what it used to be in former days. It is now scarcely more than



incipient summer, and the Samson-locks are again resplendent. Can you give me your receipt?' he added, rubbing a very scrubby brace of *favoris*—'At your rate of progress, I might get a tolerable supply now in time for the wedding.'

'It strikes me you had better adorn yourself in other respects; unless you mean to act best-man for me in the garb of an amateur gardener.'

'I'll make myself as nearly a reduced copy of your reverence as my humble faculties will allow. I *do* congratulate you, though, old boy, on your return to shirt-fronts and collars,' he subjoined, as he seized his shaving water, and rushed up-stairs, after an admiring glance at his handsome friend.

He was soon down again; and the two were arrayed in that refined costume of the English

gentleman, toned down into the English clergyman, which so fitly marks the clerical position in society. What more do the clergy wish? Avaunt ecclesiastical snips, with M. B. vest, lengthened tails, and stiffened collars! In Rome, by all means, let the clergy dress as the Romans—but in England, and in England's church, let them dress as the English do, and not retrograde from the nineteenth century, either for the cut of their garments, the fashion of their vestments, or any other unearthed relic of an age we have outgrown.

There had been a pause in the village, symptomatic of breakfast: but now the bells were at it again worse than ever. Philip took to pacing his house in a vacant manner, occasionally halting to look out of the window, and wonder where all the people came from,

and how the pews at the little church were going to contain them.

And now Taylor and he are off. On their route there was only one question asked and answered between groom and groomsman.

‘Have you settled the bridal tour? and may I know the *locale*?’

‘I never had the least doubt about it. I shall take MY WIFE,’—yes, he got the word out—‘as nearly as possible, step by step over the old Paris course, the end of which was to cure me of Popery—’

‘And all imitations thereof, or approaches thereto.--But here we are. My conscience! I wonder whether *my* folks will turn out like this when I get married!’

Reader; the genius of Jenkins appertains not unto me. The costume of bride and bridesmaids I cannot, an I would, chronicle.

I can but recal for thee, as a beautiful brief vision, the little church, that sunshiny day, with its white-robed throngs, its garniture of living green, its many love-knit hearts; and, through the storied windows, the sapphire sky, looking placidly down like God's blue eye, on that vision of peace, whose purity seemed almost to make it a type of that other vaster assembly of the white-robed and palm-sceptred, in whose perfect re-union there shall not even be those joy-tears, which now dew the marriage-flowers, as the father 'gives away'—that expressive phrase 'gives away,'—to him who takes her for better for worse, for sickness for health, aye, for life, and only to be relinquished with death,—the darling of his heart and home.

Given and taken! Yes, it is over. What a solemn life-history is being commenced when those words are uttered as its motto—

‘Those whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder.’

God had thus joined together Philip Paternoster and her whom we have known so far, but must now know no more as Hebe Walford.

And can it be that the tall, slim individual yonder, who is looking extremely happy, though somewhat dazed and distraught, is our erratic, changeable—to sum all up in one word, our *Tractarian* — friend Mr. Paternoster? No, reader. Do you protest? We answer a thousand times, No. Be it the flux of matter (which, we are told, changes the entire substance of our bodies once every seven years) or what not, we disclaim *in toto* that gentleman’s personal identity with the hero of our opening pages. From his frock coat to the centre of his being he is changed. Each of these—the external coat and the

essential man—have suffered transmutations such as to warrant us in disclaiming their identity. Each of these (for Puseyism is worse than the small-pox, and affects the clothes as well as the body inside)—each has suffered from an acute attack of the disease called Tractarianism, in the course of which a good many foolish, light-headed, and delirious things have been said and done. But the consequent course of treatment led to the adoption of some rather severe remedies, and these, together with the number of cooling draughts lately imbibed during the progress of recovery, have, we venture to predict, done our friend Paternoster good. We will not, perhaps, quite say we should have wished him to have Puseyism, because it is a disagreeable disease, and one that sometimes proves fatal. But we do say we are glad he is so nicely

over it. In fact, have you ever had a fine Newfoundland dog that you bought young, fancying it would one day turn out a handsome animal? Have you observed the slow and stealthy approach of that mysterious enemy, the distemper, which threatened to rob you of your treasure? Have you trembled at that canine scourge as a fond mother at the measles? And then did you behold it pass away; your handsome pet revive handsomer than ever? Did you at such a moment pause to analyse your feelings? It was not only that your beloved one was restored to your society (from the veterinary surgeon's), not only that life and limb were safe, but it was that incipient dogdom had ended and mature life begun. It was, in one explicit word, that your dog *was* at last a dog and no longer a *puppy*.

Sublimate the sentiment until it becomes capable of human application, and, with no other feeling does the pen of the annalist lift up its joyful, though mute voice, and assure thee, reader, that, at last, to its hero yonder—not the hero of the rival steel-nib that penned page one, but to that transmigrated hero yonder, who is assisting the equally metamorphosed Hebe Walford into a travelling-carriage at the rectory door—to him at length applies the motto—

‘ *Mens sana in corpore sano.* ’




## CHAPTER XIV.

## SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

IT is summer evening in the Champs Elysées, and the moon is radiant overhead. Not only that planetary moon which dances attendance on our earth, and which now shines full in the emblazoned heaven, but with softer lambent light is beaming the gentle honeymoon whose silver bow has lately risen over lives once dark, now brightly blended into one. Philip Paternoster and his bride pace the Champs Elysées in that magical moonlight. It *is* an elysium for them.

‘And here it was I used to walk last year, during that weary, dreary season—’



That foolish, silly season, when he was doubting whether Hebe would receive him back again—

‘Here I used to stroll, solitary, sad, and sulky. Here, on evenings like this, while the café’s chantants were dinning around me, and the band brawling away in the distance (that’s at the Mabile), I reasoned out slowly those steps which, in bringing me to common sense, brought me to you—’

‘Let us sit down.’

‘I can almost tell where I was sitting, on these same benches, as separately, one after another, the fallacies of my old foolish life slipped from me.’

‘Tell me, then, where you lost the most foolish, most fallacious of all, your doubt of my love, Philip.’

‘That I cannot do ; for doubt never really

passed away until you were in my arms at Flowerfield again. No, in that particular I had sinned too deep for mere mental repentance.'

'Well, never mind. Forget that subject. Tell me some other of your old Paris reminiscences.'

'It was just there, opposite, where you see the break in the line of gas-lights, that I saw poor Henriette. Up that dark avenue I followed her, and at its other end I lost her.'

'Poor girl! how totally she has succeeded in losing herself. No clue to her whereabouts —ugh!'

'Are you shivering to think of her fate, or do you feel cold? To me the night is oppressively warm.'

'Perhaps the shudder was mental and due

to Henriette : and yet I don't know, I've felt it once or twice lately. I think I should like to go home, Philip.'

He looked in her face, and was horror-stricken to find the poor girl pale as death. She quite staggered as she rose ; and though she tried to laugh it off, it was with the greatest difficulty she could totter across the footpath to a carriage.

' Philip—darling—do not distress yourself ; it is nothing, or at most but a bad cold. I assure you I have told you the very worst I feel.'

But Philip was not to be satisfied thus. For the first time he felt the full extent of the responsibility that rested on him in having borne her he loved so far away from all but himself. Hitherto their isolation had been his luxury—it was now an agony. Having at length got Hebe to bed, where the cold

shivering changed to burning heat, flushed face, and fever-sparkling eye, he despatched messengers all over the quartier for an English medical man. In due time the leech arrived, and pronounced Hebe to be in a state of low fever, probably brought on by over-fatigue, and perhaps imprudence in sitting in the cold after walking.

‘Has such been the case?’

‘Oh, yes ! it was my own horrible thoughtlessness. I kept the poor girl chatting in the Champs Elysées to-night, after walking her off her legs.’

‘Very thoughtless in you, my dear sir,’ said the medical man smiling faintly at Philip’s lugubrious tone ; ‘and now, as you accuse yourself, perhaps not unjustly, of having caused the mischief, do all you can to remedy it.’

‘Of course.’

‘I’m not quite so sure it *is* a matter of course, since what I have to prescribe is entire banishment from your wife’s apartment, until I give you leave to re-enter it. She may, perhaps, be very ill for a few hours, and is sure to *appear* to your inexperienced eyes a great deal worse than she really is. This will alarm you. You will be sure to display your agitation; and if she sees this I will not answer for consequences. Leave her entirely in my hands, and I have no fear.’

‘But in your absence who is to attend to the poor girl?’

‘Leave that to me, too. But to make you easy I will explain. Know, then, that I have a horror, which I doubt not you share, of the Sairy Gamp style of professional nurse. Happily we are not driven to it of necessity

here. You will not, of course, object to a little extra expense: no, I was quite sure you would not; and—but—excuse me, you are a clergyman of the Protestant Church.'

'Well—what then?'

'Perhaps you *may* object to having Catholic sisters to attend on your wife.'

'Oh, no, no, no! anything you can devise for her comfort.'

'Well, I'm glad of that, for they are perfect nurses; in fact they are ladies: they may be princesses, for no one knows their worldly rank. For myself, I only speak of them as good nurses. If you like I will go to the convent and bespeak two—you must have two—one for night, the other for day. They are not permitted to work more than twelve hours at a time, and so they relieve each other with the regularity of sentries.'

‘Send them, dear sir, by all means. And tell me honestly, is there danger enough in my wife’s case to render it necessary for me to telegraph to her father? Remember we are entirely among strangers here!’

‘Not the least. Keep you only out of the way. The concierge will remain with her for the time being. But you’ll find the *sœur* will be here like magic.’

She was indeed; but even that slight interval of waiting seemed an age to Philip. He paced his little *salon* in such intensity of despair at the very possibility of his jewel being stolen from him in the first hour of possession.

On the arrival of the religieuse, Philip hastened to welcome her in the best French of which he was capable. She was a thin careworn woman, prematurely aged; and her



whole contour was in perfect keeping with the gray habit and snowy-white head dress of her order. Scarcely noticing his salutation, or even his existence, she was at her work in a moment, reduced to order the chaos of the little bed-chamber, acted at once on Philip's request that she would ask for anything she required by bringing in a written list of some two dozen different articles which she begged Monsieur would *aller chercher* without delay, as though Monsieur had been an overgrown boy in buttons, and presuming on his French vocabulary being a good deal more extended than it was. However the occupation, first of finding out the names of the articles (for they were given to him in good English) and then of procuring them at the different shops, diverted his mind, and so did him good. In the mean time the sœur had centralised her

attention on the *pauvre petite*, over whom she now bent, seemingly lost to all else.

There, for days and nights, the weary little vessel tossed on that angry sea. It was the sorest trial Philip Paternoster had ever known, that protracted vigil by Hebe's bed-side, or rather in the next room to Hebe's sick-chamber, for the sentence of banishment was not yet rescinded. It was one of those sore trials that give solidity to good resolutions, and that burn and purge away all levity, frivolity, and worldliness from the heart. There, in you little chamber, lay his earthly all, vacillating between life and death. A moment's turn for the worse may blight and embitter his existence to its latest hour. That low plaintive cry may have marked the going down of that tiny bark with all its precious freight. A thousand times he stole to the

door in an agony of doubt like this ; and ever, as he peeped through the half-opened door of the sick chamber he saw the coarse gray habit of the sœur as she bent over the bed-head, holding some potion to the parched lips, or moistening the burning brow ; this was all he could see.

And so days dragged on ; and he learnt something else—learnt what Hebe's feelings must have been at Flowerfield whilst he was away ; he, so fondly loved, away—not from illness, but self-exiled ; banished by his own wilfulness from the spot where she was so wearily awaiting him. It was indeed a punishment righteously proportioned to his olden sin that he suffered during those few terrible days whilst Hebe's malady sped to its crisis.

But at length that crisis was past, and happily. The second sœur, a merry-looking

little damsel, who seemed scarcely twenty, and was somewhat more cognizant of Philip's existence, informed him that the patient would be well enough to receive him that day or the next. What a reprieve for him came on the morrow. He had thought it scarcely possible to exceed the joy with which he had clasped the blooming Hebe in his arms after their long separation: but it was with rapture more intense those arms circled the poor bony figure which was all that was now left to represent to him the plump un-romantic form of his little wife. She was romantic-looking enough now in all conscience.

‘O Philip, don't I look a fearful object? I feel like a living skeleton. But I should have been a skeleton without the life by this time had it not been for these dear nurses. O, Angelique, I do so hope poor little Sœur Agatha hasn't taken the fever.’

‘ God knows best, dear lady ; let us not hope against His will.’

‘ O but my sweet little nurse Agatha is so young, so good—’

‘ So much the more fit for heaven,’ said the religieuse, in a tone of inexpressible sadness ; and then buried her head over her work again, as though she had said too much.

The whole of that day Philip spent by Hebe’s bedside. She seemed quite herself again, with the exception of great bodily weakness ; and it was agreed on all hands that her husband was now fully capable of acting *garde malade* ; so Agatha was not to be allowed to sit up that night, as she had seemed so ailing when she left.

Midnight came, and, with it, the accustomed ring at the bell, but no Agatha. La petite had taken the fever, and, in her place, came a strange sister, a tall, majestic woman, in

the garb of a dame de bon secours. A few words passed between the sisters, but in so low a tone, that Philip could only catch 'Il n'est pas necessaire : elle est retablie.' They were evidently utter strangers, but their calling made them friends.

When Hebe heard it was not Agatha, she threw herself back on the bed, both in sorrow for her little nurse, and not wishing to see a stranger. The newly-arrived sister drew the curtains close, went to the other end of the room, and by a gesture, attracted Philip's attention. She then, for an instant, for the fraction of a second, drew back the blue hood from her head, and displayed, cut in whitest alabaster, the old well-known, but now time-worn features of Henriette Osborne !

It was a mercy Philip did not cry out, but Henriette had chosen the fittest moment for

discovering herself, when he was sitting close by Hebe's side with her hand locked in his, so that he could not stir without disturbing her.

The Sœur Angelique, having made her preparations for departure, stepped up to the bedside and pressed a cold kiss on Hebe's forehead. As she did so, a tear fell on the pillow, and, in raising her hand to her eyes she moved aside her head-dress so far, that Philip recognised, in that sœur de charité, the wasted features of Katie Franklyn!

These were the shadows of the past that flitted, ghost-like, around the pillow of Philip Paternoster's wife.

He would fain have made an excuse to quit the bedside, in order to pay the sister for their attendance (for they make a stipulated charge of five francs for the day, and the

same for the night), but she anticipated him, by saying—

‘ You will pay the superior of our convent. Do not quit the bedside for a moment, on any account.’

And so those two women passed out. They had evidently recognised each other, but were too well schooled to show it. For them there was no past. May they have found peace in the present—peace for the great future !

When Hebe was quite well, Philip told her the strange story of these shadows of the past circling her pillow. They went to the convent, but could gain no information of the *Sœur Angelique*, or the strange *dame de secours*. All they saw was a newly-turfed grave in the little church-yard, on the cross at the head whereof was written—

‘ *La Sœur Agatha, æt. 20. “Priez pour nous.”*’



## CHAPTER XV.

## THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

THE history of Philip Paternoster is finished. It is scarcely a biography, certainly not in any sense an autobiography, though, in very many detached instances, the writer has transcribed from actual experience. It is essentially, in substance as in style, a thing 'of shreds and patches.' This one point only would the author wish to enunciate very forcibly, ere he lays down his pen, that not one incident of the tale, which bears in the most remote way on the controversial subject

chosen as its groundwork, is entirely an invention of his own. Indeed, it may be said—and he would wish to make this exception—that the suicide of Herbert Osborne (not his history) is about the sole purely fictitious incident in his book.

It is certainly desirable, and, it is believed, not egotistical, to dwell on this fact in laying before the public a work which professes to show the effect on social life, of certain principles of morality and religion, which are at this present time—we use the word in no offensive manner—*fashionable*.

Is it meant to be said, then, that *immorality* and *irreligion* are involved in the Tractarian dogmata? Do all engaged Puseyite curates throw themselves open to breach of promise actions? Do all Anglo-Catholic *sœurs* as such repudiate their vows, and run astray from

actual womanly virtue? It were absurd and wicked to hint so. What is said—and the deep-seated conviction of the truth of which has led the author thus laboriously to chronicle a change in his own creed, which might seem unimportant to all but himself—is that, by introducing the foreign element of direction—which is involved in the hyper-Tractarian, as in the cognate Romish, system—there is an end at once put to that moral responsibility which is the very essence of our national creed, as well as our national character; and to which, depend upon it, we owe the sterling and solid nature of each.

Here lies the fatal characteristic of Tractarianism. This it is that renders it impossible for that system to be grafted on our national stock. It must grow up into Romanism, or continue to germinate, a childish

eccentricity, with much of Rome's puerility and none of Rome's senility, to excuse its childishness.

To this un-manning of the moral sense the discreet reader will not fail to attribute those traits in the character of our hero which gave it such an air of lubricity—in plain English, which made that young man so 'slippery;' made him continually vacillate between the most un-English ascetism, and an equally un-English, because unmanly, yielding to any temptation that came uppermost.

The writer has feared to set down the fact in its most glaring colours, lest he should be accused of exaggeration or acerbity; but fact he knows it to be that the result of the 'high-pressure' system is as a rule to make its professors thus fluctuate between the most terrible extremes.

Enough of prosing, however. With one final glance at our old friend, the curate of Flowerfield, it remains only for the writer to doff his hat and say adieu.

Looking on Philip Paternoster's calm quiet life, and viewing it in contrast with the old feverish dream so happily past away, he cannot but feel that such is the life of the consistent English clergyman.

In ritual matters at Flowerfield there is no slovenliness; though the surpliced choir is cast aside, and gay trappings are no more seen. Children's voices chaunt old David's songs, or breathe the modest hymn-tune up to Heaven, much more sweetly and naturally than Rome-bedizened clowns bellowing ugly tunes from antiquely-noted books. In fact it is nature now—of a piece with the sunshine and the flowers. It was art—and anything but cor-

rect or agreeable art—in old Anglo-Catholic times.

Philip breeds pigs, and physics poor parishioners. He makes wills for the dying, and teaches the three R's (Reading, 'Riting, and 'Rithmetic) to those about to enter life through the portal of the village-school. He is no longer a rare visitor at the bedsides of the sick and dying. He is awfully sharp in looking up truants from church; and, by some measure or other, generally manages to bring them back, and keep them there,

Looking for the last time on Hebe—dear Hebe, with whom we have been so in love all the time we have written of her—we find our pet a perfect little parson's wife. If the poor loved her before, they idolise her now. Her husband must emphasise the second commandment; for this is just one of those bright things

‘in the earth beneath’ there is danger of being disposed to worship.

And now are we bidden append a moral to our finished story? We decline, with thanks. Or no. We will do it, but in faintest outline. Not as wishing to dictate to enlightened readers, but simply adding, in the practical form of a prescription, what has been much more diffusely given in the above narrative, viz. :

*To cure young gentlemen of the Anglo-Catholic disease.*

*Process 1.* Send them to the Continent, and show them what Puseyism *would be, if it could.*

Should this fail, it will show the case to be a severe one, and necessitate

*Process 2.* Procure a young lady, as nearly as possible resembling Hebe Walford (plenty

are to be obtained in all parts of England), throw her constantly in his way. Remind him that all this kind of thing is tabooed to a celibate clergy. And, if the individual be worth saving, this will remove the last symptom of Tractarianism. If not, let him go. He is not worth keeping.



## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE VERY LAST AND THE VERY SHORTEST.

TO-DAY, at early morn, a horseman was seen to gallop furiously to the curate's house at Flowerfield. He sent his reeking steed to the stable, as one who intended to stop some time.

Simultaneously the Hilscombe carrier halted there, and delivered a large packet. It was a bassinette.

It is now evening. The horseman has gone away again to see some other patients. This one gets on bravely.

He is back again.

Night. Midnight.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is a Boy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mother and child are doing well.

FINIS.

LONDON:  
PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET  
AND CHARING CROSS.







